

BILLY SUNDAY

THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE



WILLIAM DILLIS, L.L.D.





"I AM PREACHING FOR THE AGE IN WHICH I LIVE."

"BILLY" SUNDAY

THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE

WITH HIS OWN WORDS
WHICH HAVE WON
THOUSANDS FOR CHRIST

BY
WILLIAM T. ELLIS, LL.D.
AUTHOR OF "MEN AND MISSIONS"

Authorized Edition

GEORGE G. CLOWS COMPANY
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Authorized by Mr. Sunday

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REVEREND WILLIAM ASHLEY SUNDAY, D.D.

My friend, Dr. William T. Ellis, the author of this book, knows me and my work well.

His estimate of me, and his interpretation of my work, are, of course, entirely his own.

The chapters contributed by me are substantially the message I have spoken wherever I have preached.

M. A. Sunday.

A WORD FROM THE AUTHOR

Because he is the most conspicuous Christian leader in America today; because he has done an entirely unique and far-reaching work of evangelism; and because his words have a message for all men, I have written, at the request of the publishers, this narrative concerning Rev. William A. Sunday, D.D.

The final appraisal of the man and his ministry cannot, of course, be made while he is alive. "Never judge unfinished work." This book has endeavored to deal candidly, though sympathetically, with its subject. Mr. Sunday has not seen either the manuscript or proofs. He has, however, authorized the use of the messages which he is accustomed to deliver in his meetings, and which comprise more than half the contents of the volume.

The author's hope is that those of us who are just plain "folks" will find the book interesting and helpful. He has no doubt that professional Christian workers will get many suggestions from the story of Mr. Sunday's methods.

I would acknowledge the assistance of Miss Helen Cramp and the Rev. Ernest Bawden in collating and preparing for publication Mr. Sunday's utterances.

WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

SWARTHMORE, PA.



"I'LL FIGHT TILL HELL FREEZES OVER."

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BITING, BLISTERING, BLASTING CONDEMNATION OF SIN. THIS RARE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE TREMENDOUS EARNESTNESS OF MR. SUNDAY AND THE ENERGY, ZEAL AND FIRE HE PUTS INTO HIS MESSAGE WHICH HAS WARMED THIS COLD WORLD MORE THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER APOSTLE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS IN THIS GENERATION.

CHAPTER I

One of God's Tools

I want to be a giant for God.—BILLY SUNDAY.

H EAVEN often plays jokes on earth's worldly-wise. After the consensus of experience and sagacity has settled upon a certain course and type, lo, all the profundity of the sages is blown away as a speck of dust and we have, say, a shockingly unconventional John the Baptist, who does not follow the prescribed rules in dress, training, methods or message. John the Baptist was God's laugh at the rabbis and the Pharisees.

In an over-ecclesiastical age, when churchly authority had reached the limit, a poor monk, child of a miner's hut, without influence or favor, was called to break the power of the popes, and to make empires and reshape history, flinging his shadow far down the centuries. Martin Luther was God's laugh at ecclesiasticism.

While the brains and aristocracy and professional statesmanship of America struggled in vain with the nation's greatest crisis, God reached down close to the soil of the raw and ignored Middle West, and picked up a gaunt and untutored specimen of the common people—a man who reeked of the earth until the earth closed over him—and so saved the Union and freed a race, through ungainly Abraham Lincoln. Thus again Heaven laughed at exalted procedure and conventionality.

In our own day, with its blatant worldly wisdom, with its flaunting prosperity, with its fashionable churchliness, with its flood of "advanced" theology overwhelming the pulpit, God needed a prophet, to call his people back to simple faith and righteousness. A nation imperiled by luxury, greed, love of pleasure and unbelief cried aloud for a deliverer. Surely this crisis required a great man, learned

in all the ways of the world, equipped with the best preparation of American and foreign universities and theological seminaries, a man trained in ecclesiastical leadership, and approved and honored by the courts of the Church? So worldly wisdom decreed. But God laughed—and produced, to the scandal of the correct and conventional, Billy Sunday, a common man from the common people, who, like Lincoln, so wears the signs and savor of the soil that fastidious folk, to whom sweat is vulgar and to whom calloused hands are “bad form,” quite lose their suavity and poise in calling him “unrefined.”

That he is God's tool is the first and last word about Billy Sunday. He is a “phenomenon” only as God is forever doing phenomenal things, and upsetting men's best-laid plans. He is simply a tool of God. For a special work he is the special instrument. God called, and he answered. All the many owlish attempts to “explain” Billy Sunday on psychological and sociological grounds fall flat when they ignore the fact that he is merely a handy man for the Lord's present use.

God is still, as ever, confounding all human wisdom by snatching the condemned baby of a Hebrew slave out of Egypt's river to become a nation's deliverer; by calling a shepherd boy from his sheep to be Israel's greatest warrior and king; and by sending his only-begotten Son to earth by way of a manger, and training him in a workingman's home and a village carpenter shop. “My ways are not your ways,” is a remark of God, which he seems fond of repeating and illustrating.

There is no other explanation of Billy Sunday needed, or possible, than that he is God's man sent in God's time. And if God chooses the weak and foolish things of earth to confound the mighty, is not that but another one of his inscrutable ways of showing that he is God?

Why are we so confident that Billy Sunday is the Lord's own man, when so many learned critics have declared the contrary? Simply because he has led more persons to make

CHAPTER II

Up from the Soil

1. If you want to drive the devil out of the world, hit him with a cradle instead of a crutch.—BILLY SUNDAY.

SUNDAY must be accepted as a man of the American type before he can be understood. He is of the average, every-day American sort. He is one of the "folks." He has more points of resemblance to the common people than he has of difference from them. His mind is their mind. The keenness of the average American is his in an increased degree. He has the saving sense of humor which has marked this western people. The extravagances and recklessnesses of his speech would be incredible to a Britisher; but we Americans understand them. They are of a piece with our minds.

Like the type, Sunday is not over-fastidious. He is not made of a special porcelain clay, but of the same red soil as the rest of us. He knows the barn-yards of the farm better than the drawing-rooms of the rich. The normal, every-day Americanism of this son of the Middle West, whom the nation knows as "Billy Sunday," is to be insisted upon if he is to be understood.

Early apprenticed to hardship and labor, he has a sympathy with the life of the toiling people which mere imagination cannot give. His knowledge of the American crowd is sure and complete because he is one of them. He understands the life of every-day folk because that has always been his life. While he has obvious natural ability, sharpened on the grindstone of varied experience, his perceptions and his viewpoints are altogether those of the normal American. As he has seen something of life on many levels, and knows city ways as well as country usages, he has never lost his bearings as to what sort of people

soldier and he never came back. He wouldn't turn any one away and I wouldn't turn you boys away.' She drew her arms about us and said: 'Come on in.' She gave us our breakfast and our dinner, too. There wasn't any train going out on the 'Q' until afternoon. We saw a freight train standing there, so we climbed into the caboose.

"The conductor came along and said: 'Where's your money or ticket?'"

"'Ain't got any.'"

"'I'll have to put you off.'"

"We commenced to cry. My brother handed him a letter of introduction to the superintendent of the orphans' home. The conductor read it, and handed it back as the tears rolled down his cheeks. Then he said: 'Just sit



"WHERE'S YOUR MONEY OR TICKET?"

still, boys. It won't cost a cent to ride on my train.'

"It's only twenty miles from Council Bluffs to Glenwood, and as we rounded the curve the conductor said: 'There it is on the hill.'"

"I want to say to you that one of the brightest pictures that hangs upon the walls of my memory is the recollection of the days when as a little boy, out in the log cabin on the frontier of Iowa, I knelt by mother's side.

"I went back to the old farm some years ago. The scenes had changed about the place. Faces I had known and loved had long since turned to dust. Fingers that used to turn the pages of the Bible were obliterated and the old

OH- CHRISTIAN -

HAVE YOU ANY
SCARS TO SHOW
IN THIS
CONFLICT?

-A THIRD SAYS-"BILLY"
MY OLD BACKS HAD A
POWERFUL CRICK IN IT EVER
SINCE ANTIETAM!

WHEN A WAR IS
OVER HEROES HAVE
SCARS TO SHOW
AND THEY ARE
PROUD OF
THEM!



ONE ROLLS
BACK HIS
SLEEVE
AND SHOWS
A GUNSHOT
WOUND,

-ANOTHER
PULLS DOWN
HIS COLLAR
TO SHOW
A SCAR
ON HIS
NECK



CHRIST HAS
SCARS TO
SHOW!—
SCARS ON
HIS BROW-
AND ON
HIS HANDS
AND **FEET!**
HE WILL
PULL ASIDE HIS
ROBE OF
ROYALTY
AND
SHOW
THE SCAR
ON HIS
SIDE!

WHAT SCARS HAVE
YOU TO SHOW?

BURNING WORDS OF MR. SUNDAY THAT REACH THE HEART.

trees beneath which we boys used to play and swing had been felled by the woodman's axe. I stood and thought. The man became a child again and the long weary nights of sin and of hardships became as though they never had been.

"Once more with my gun on my shoulder and my favorite dog trailing at my heels I walked through the pathless wood and sat on the old familiar logs and stumps, and as I sat and listened to the wild, weird harmonies of nature, a vision of the past opened. The squirrel from the limb of the tree barked defiantly and I threw myself into an interrogation point, and when the gun cracked, the squirrel fell at my feet. I grabbed him and ran home to throw him down and receive compliments for my skill as a marksman. And I saw the tapestry of the evening fall. I heard the lowing herds and saw them wind slowly o'er the lea and I listened to the tinkling bells that lulled the distant fowl. Once more I heard the shouts of childish glee. Once more I climbed the haystack for the hen's eggs. Once more we crossed the threshold and sat at our frugal meal. Once more mother drew the trundle bed out from under the larger one, and we boys, kneeling down, shut our eyes and clasping our little hands, said: 'Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord, my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take. And this I ask for Jesus' sake, Amen.'

" 'Backward, turn backward, O time in thy flight,
Make me a child again, just for tonight,
Mother, come back from that echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore.
Into the old cradle I'm longing to creep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.'

"I stood beneath the old oak tree and it seemed to carry on a conversation with me. It seemed to say:

" 'Hello Bill. Is that you?'

" 'Yes, it's I, old tree.'

" 'Well, you've got a bald spot on the top of your head.'

Speed is a phase of base ball that, being clear to all eyes, appeals to the bleachers. So it came about that Sunday was soon a base-ball "hero," analogous to "Ty" Cobb or "Home-Run" Baker, or Christy Mathewson of our own day. He himself tells the story of one famous play, on the day after his conversion:

"That afternoon we played the old Detroit club. We were neck and neck for the championship. That club had Thompson, Richardson, Rowe, Dunlap, Hanlon and Bennett, and they could play ball.

"I was playing right field. Mike Kelly was catching and John G. Clarkson was pitching. He was as fine a pitcher as ever crawled into a uniform. There are some pitchers today, O'Toole, Bender, Wood, Mathewson, Johnson, Marquard, but I do not believe any one of them stood in the class with Clarkson.

"Cigarettes put him on the bum. When he'd taken a bath the water would be stained with nicotine.

"We had two men out and they had a man on second and one on third and Bennett, their old catcher, was at bat. Charley had three balls and two strikes on him. Charley couldn't hit a high ball: but he could kill them when they went about his knee.

"I hollered to Clarkson and said: 'One more and we got 'em.'

"You know every pitcher puts a hole in the ground where he puts his foot when he is pitching. John stuck his foot in the hole and he went clean to the ground. Oh, he could make 'em dance. He could throw overhanded, and the ball would go down and up like that. He is the only man on earth I have seen do that. That ball would go by so fast that the batter could feel the thermometer drop two degrees as she whizzed by. John went clean down, and as he went to throw the ball his right foot slipped and the ball went low instead of high.

"I saw Charley swing hard and heard the bat hit the ball with a terrific boom. Bennett had smashed the ball



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BILLY SUNDAY IN NATIONAL LEAGUE UNIFORM.

CHAPTER III

A Base-Ball "Star"

Don't get chesty over success.—BILLY SUNDAY.

SOMETIMES the preacher tells his people what a great journalist he might have been, or what a successful business man, had he not entered the ministry; but usually his hearers never would have suspected it if he had not told them. Billy Sunday's eminence as a base-ball player is not a shadow cast backward from his present pre-eminence. His success as a preacher has gained luster from his distinction as a base-ball player, while his fame as a base-ball player has been kept alive by his work as an evangelist.

All the world of base-ball enthusiasts, a generation ago, knew Billy Sunday, the speediest base-runner and the most daring base-stealer in the whole fraternity. Wherever he goes today veteran devotees of the national game recall times they saw him play; and sporting periodicals and sporting pages of newspapers have been filled with reminiscences from base-ball "fans," of the triumphs of the evangelist on the diamond.

A side light on the reality of his religion while engaged in professional base ball is thrown by the fact that sporting writers always speak of him with pride and loyalty, and his old base-ball associates who still survive, go frequently to hear him preach. The base-ball world thinks that he reflects distinction on the game.

Now base ball in Marshalltown and base ball in Chicago had not exactly the same standards. The recruit had to be drilled. He struck out the first thirteen times he went to bat. He never became a superior batter, but he could always throw straight and hard. At first he was inclined to take too many chances and his judgment was rather unsafe. One base-ball writer has said that "Sunday

probably caused more wide throws than any other player the game has ever known, because of his specialty of going down to first like a streak of greased electricity. When he hit the ball infielders yelled 'hurry it up.' The result was that they often threw them away." He was the acknowledged champion sprinter of the National League. This once led to a match race with Arlie Latham, who held like honors in the American League. Sunday won by fifteen feet.

Sunday was the sort of figure the bleachers liked. He was always eager—sometimes too eager—to "take a chance." What was a one-base hit for another man was usually good



HIS SLIDES WERE ADVENTURES BELOVED
OF THE "FANS"

for two bases for him. His slides and stolen bases were adventures beloved of the "fans"—the spice of the game. He also was apt in retort to the comments from the bleachers, but always good-natured. The crowds liked him, even as did his team mates.

Sunday was a man's man, and so continues to this day. His tabernacle audiences resemble base-ball crowds in the proportion of men present, more nearly than any other meetings of a religious nature that are regularly being held. Sunday spent five years on the old Chicago team, mostly playing right or center field. He was the first man in the history of base ball to circle the bases in fourteen seconds. He could run a hundred yards from a standing start in ten seconds flat. Speed had always been his one distinction. As a lad of thirteen, in the Fourth of July games at Ames, he won a prize of three dollars in a foot-race, a feat which he recalls with pleasure.



'BILLY' AND "MA" SUNDAY.

CHAPTER IV

A Curbstone Recruit

You've got to sign your own Declaration of Independence before you can celebrate your Fourth of July victory.—BILLY SUNDAY.

NOBODY this side of heaven can tell to whom the credit belongs for any great life or great work. But we may be reasonably sure that the unsung and unknown women of the earth have a large part in every achievement worth while.

Mrs. Clark, saintly wife of Colonel Clark, the devoted founder of the Pacific Garden Rescue Mission in Chicago, is one of that host of women who, like the few who followed Jesus in his earthly ministry, have served in lowly, inconspicuous ways, doing small tasks from a great love. Night after night, with a consecration which never flagged, she labored in the gospel for a motley crowd of men and women, mostly society's flotsam and jetsam, many of whom found this hospitable building the last fort this side of destruction.

A single visit to a down-town rescue mission is romantic, picturesque and somewhat of an adventure—a sort of sanctified slumming trip. Far different is it to spend night after night, regardless of weather or personal feelings, in coming to close grips with sin-sodden men and women, many of them the devil's refuse. A sickening share of the number are merely seeking shelter or lodging or food: sin's wages are not sufficient to live upon, and they turn to the mercy of Christianity for succor. Never to be cast down by unworthiness or ingratitude, to keep a heart of hope in face of successive failures, and to rejoice with a shepherd's joy over the one rescued—this is the spirit of the consecrated rescue-mission worker.

Such a woman was Mrs. Clark, the spiritual mother to a

Burns, Williamson and Dalrymple. There wasn't a fellow in that gang who knocked; every fellow had a word of encouragement for me.

"Mike Kelly was sold to Boston for \$10,000. Mike got half of the purchase price. He came up to me and showed me a check for \$5,000. John L. Sullivan, the champion fighter, went around with a subscription paper and the boys raised over \$12,000 to buy Mike a house.

"They gave Mike a deed to the house and they had \$1,500 left and gave him a certificate of deposit for that.



"BILL, I'M PROUD OF YOU!"

"His salary for playing with Boston was \$4,700 a year. At the end of that season Mike had spent the \$5,000 purchase price and the \$4,700 he received as salary and the \$1,500 they gave him and had a mortgage on the house. And when he died in Pennsylvania they went

around with a subscription to get money enough to put him in the ground, and each club, twelve in all, in the two leagues gave a month a year to his wife. Mike sat here on the corner with me twenty-seven years ago, when I said, 'Good-bye, boys, I'm going to Jesus Christ.'

"A. G. Spalding signed up a team to go around the world. I was the second he asked to sign a contract and Captain Anson was the first. I was sliding to second base one day. I always slid head first, and hit a stone and cut a ligament loose in my knee.

"I got Dr. Magruder, who attended Garfield when he was shot, and he said:



THE PACIFIC GARDEN MISSION IN CHICAGO, WHERE BILLY SUNDAY WAS CONVERTED.

CHAPTER V

Playing the New Game

It is not necessary to be in a big place to do big things.—BILLY SUNDAY.

IF Billy Sunday had not been an athlete he would not today be the physical marvel in the pulpit that he is; if he had not been reared in the ranks of the plain people he would not have possessed the vocabulary and insight into life which are essential parts of his equipment; if he had not served a long apprenticeship to toil he would not display his present pitiless industry; if he had not been a cog in the machinery of organized base ball, with wide travel and much experience of men, he would not be able to perfect the amazing organization of Sunday evangelistic campaigns; if he had not been a member and elder of a Presbyterian church he could not have resisted the religious vagaries which lead so many evangelists and immature Christian workers astray; if he had not been trained in three years of Y. M. C. A. service he would not today be the flaming and insistent protagonist of personal work that he now is; if he had not been converted definitely and consciously and quickly in a rescue mission he could not now preach his gospel of immediate conversion.

All of which is but another way of saying that Sunday was trained in God's school. God prepared the man for the work he was preparing for him. Only by such uncommon training could this unique messenger of the gospel be produced. A college course doubtless would have submerged Sunday into the level of the commonplace. A theological seminary would have denatured him. Evidently Sunday has learned the lesson of the value of individuality; he prizes it, preaches about it, and practices it. He probably does not know what "*sui generis*" means, but he is it. Over and over again he urges that instead of railing at what we have

went. We had everything on the bill of fare, from soup to nuts, and the check was \$7.60 apiece for two suppers. I've never had such a dinner since.

"We talked things over. He said he was making money hand over fist—that he could make more in a week than I could in a year. I was working at the Y. M. C. A. for \$83 a month, and then not getting it, and base-ball managers were making me tempting offers of good money to go back into the game at \$500 to \$1,000 a month to finish the season. But I wouldn't do it. Nobody called me a grafter then. 'Well,' I said to my friend, 'old man, you may have more at the end of the year than I've got—maybe I won't have carfare—but I'll be ahead of you.'

"Where is he now? Down at Joliet, where there is a big walled institution and where the stripes on your clothes run crossways."

A Living Testimony

"I had a friend who was a brilliant young fellow. He covered the Chino-Japanese war for a New York paper. He was on his way home when he was shipwrecked, and the captain and he were on an island living on roots for a week and then they signaled a steamer and got started home. He got word from the New York *Tribune* and they told him to go to Frisco, so he went, and they told him to come across the arid country and write up the prospects of irrigation. And as he walked across those plains, he thought of how they would blossom if they were only irrigated. Then he thought of how his life was like that desert, with nothing in it but waste.

"He got to Chicago and got a job on the *Times* and lost it on account of drunkenness, and couldn't get another on account of having no recommendation. So he walked out one winter night and took his reporter's book, addressed it to his father, and wrote something like this: 'I've made a miserable failure of this life. I've disgraced you and sent mother to a premature grave. If you care to look for me

"He said, 'I did nothing of the kind. I was so low-down, I wouldn't even speak to my mother. She followed me up and down the switchyard and even followed me to my boarding house. I went upstairs, changed my clothes, came down, and she said, "Frank, stay and talk with me." I pushed by her and went out and spent the night in sin. I came back in the morning, changed my clothes and went to work. For four days she followed me up and down the switchyards and then she said, "Frank, you have broken my heart, and I am going away tomorrow."'

"I happened to be near the depot with the engine when she got on the train and she raised the window and said, "Frank, kiss me good-bye." I stood talking with some of my drinking and gambling friends and one man said, "Frank Adsitt, you are a fool to treat your mother like that. Kiss her good-bye." I jerked from him and turned back. I heard the conductor call "All aboard." I heard the bell on the engine ring and the train started out, and I heard my mother cry, "Oh, Frank, if you won't kiss me good-bye, for God's sake turn and look at me!"

"Mr. Sunday, when the train on the Burlington Railroad pulled out of Denver, I stood with my back to my mother. That's been nine years ago and I have never seen nor heard from her."

"I led him to Jesus. I got him a position in the old



"FRANK, KISS ME GOOD-BYE!"

CHAPTER VI

A Shut Door—and an Open One

Faith is the beginning of something of which you can't see the end but in which you believe.—BILLY SUNDAY.

DESTINY'S door turns on small hinges. Almost everybody can say out of his own experience, "If I had done this, instead of that, the whole course of my life would have been changed." At many points in the career of William A. Sunday we see what intrinsically small and unrelated incidents determined his future course in life.

If he had not been sitting on that Chicago curbstone one evening, and if the Pacific Garden Mission workers had failed on that one occasion alone to go forth into the highways, Billy Sunday might have been only one of the multitude of forgotten base-ball players. If he had not gone to prayer-meeting in his new church home he would not have met the wife who has been so largely a determining factor in his work. If he had not joined the Y. M. C. A. forces in Chicago he would not have become Peter Bilhorn's friend and so Dr. Chapman's assistant.

And—here we come to a very human story—if Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman had not suddenly decided to abandon the evangelistic field and return to the pastorate of Bethany Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, Sunday would doubtless still be unknown to the world as a great religious leader. The story came to me from the lips of the evangelist himself one morning. We were discussing certain current criticisms of his work and he showed himself frankly bewildered as well as pained by the hostility displayed toward him on the part of those up to whom he looked as leaders and counselors. Off the platform Sunday is one of the most childlike and guileless of men. He grew

CHAPTER VII

Campaigning for Christ

Let's quit fiddling with religion and do something to bring the world to Christ.—BILLY SUNDAY.

HIS American birthright of plain common sense stands Sunday in stead of theological training. He is "a practical man," as mechanics say. Kipling's poem on "The American" hits off Sunday exactly:

"He turns a keen, untroubled face
Home to the instant need of things."

So a Sunday evangelistic campaign is a marvel of organization. It spells efficiency at every turn and is a lesson to the communities which do Christian work in haphazard, hit-or-miss fashion. Work and faith are written large over every series of Sunday meetings.

Sunday never took a course in psychology, but he understands the crowd mind. He knows how to deal with multitudes. He sees clearly where the masses must come from, and so he sets to work to bring them out of the homes of the working people. He goes beyond the church circles for his congregations, and makes his appeal to the popular taste. He frankly aims to strike the average of the common people. For he is after that host which too often the preacher knows nothing about.

People must be set to talking about religion and about the Sunday campaign if the latter is to succeed. Indifference is the foe of all foes to be feared by an evangelist. Even hostile criticism really serves a religious purpose, for it directs attention to the messenger and the message. Knowledge of this is the reason why Sunday always devotes his earliest sermons in a campaign to the subjects likeliest to

A stranger roaming about the streets of Philadelphia during December, 1914, would have been struck by the number of signs in the windows of private homes, announcing prayer meetings within. During the entire month these home prayer meetings were held twice a week, averaging more than five thousand meetings on each assigned night, with more than one hundred thousand persons present nightly. This meant an aggregate attendance of nearly a million Christians upon preparatory prayer services!

When tens of thousands of earnest Christians are meeting constantly for united prayer a spirit of expectancy and unity is created which makes sure the success of the revival. Incidentally, there is a welding together of Christian forces that will abide long after the evangelist has gone. These preliminary prayer-meetings are a revelation of the tremendous possibilities inherent in the churches of any community. With such a sea of prayer buoying him up any preacher could have a revival.

Sagaciously, Sunday throws all responsibility back on the churches. While he takes command of the ship when he arrives, yet he does all in his power to prevent the campaign from being a one-man affair. The local committee must underwrite the expenses; for these campaigns are not to be financed by the gifts of the wealthy, but by the rank and file of the church membership accepting responsibility of the work. The guarantees are underwritten in the form of shares and each guarantor receives a receipt for his shares to be preserved as a memento of the campaign. True, no guarantor ever had to pay a dollar on his Billy Sunday campaign subscription, for the evangelist himself raises all of the expense money in the early meetings of the series.

John the Baptist was only a voice: but Billy Sunday is a voice, plus a bewildering array of committees and assistants and organized machinery. He has committees galore to co-operate in his work: a drilled army of the Lord. In the list of Scranton workers that is before me I see tabulated an executive committee, the directors, a prayer-meeting com-

CHAPTER VIII

“Speech—Seasoned with Salt”

I want to preach the gospel so plainly that men can come from the factories and not have to bring along a dictionary.—BILLY SUNDAY.

SUNDAY is not a shepherd, but a soldier; not a husbandman of a vineyard, but a quarryman. The rôle he fills more nearly approximates that of the Baptist, or one of the Old Testament prophets, than any other Bible character. The word of the Lord that has come to him is not “Comfort ye! comfort ye!” but “Arouse ye! arouse ye!” and “Repent! repent!”

Evangelist Sunday's mission is not conventional, nor may it be judged by conventional standards. He is not a pastor; probably he would be a failure in the pastorate. Neither would any sensible person expect pastors to resemble Billy Sunday; for that, too, would be a calamity.

Taking a reasonable view of the case, what do we find? Here is a man whose clear work it is to attract the attention of the heedless to the claims of the gospel, to awaken a somnolent Church, and to call men to repentance. To do this a man must be sensational, just as John the Baptist was sensational—not to mention that Greater One who drew the multitudes by his wonderful works and by his unconventional speech.

In the time of Jesus, as now, religion had become embalmed in petrified phrases. The forms of religious speech were set. But Christ's talk was not different from everyday speech. The language of spirituality, which once represented great living verities, had become so conventionalized that it slipped easily into cant and “shop talk.” It is a fact which we scarcely like to admit that myriads of persons who attend church regularly do not expect really to understand what the preacher is talking about.

"They say to me, 'Bill, you rub the fur the wrong way.' I don't; let the cats turn 'round."

Again, "It isn't a good thing to have synonyms for sin. Adultery is adultery, even though you call it affinity."

Again, "Paul said he would rather speak five words that were understood than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue. That hits me. I want people to know what I mean, and that's why I try to get down where they live. What do I care if some puff-eyed, dainty little dibly-dibbly preacher goes tibly-tibbling around because I use plain Anglo-Saxon words."

Two important points are to be considered in connection with Sunday's vigorous vocabulary; the first is that what he says does not sound as bad as it seems in cold type. Often he is incorrectly reported. The constant contention of his friends is that he should be heard before being criticized. The volume of testimony of all the men who have heard him—preachers, professors and purists—is that his addresses which seem shocking when reported are not shocking when heard.

On the public square in Scranton a great sign was displayed by the local committee:

BE FAIR!
DON'T JUDGE BILLY SUNDAY UNTIL YOU
HAVE HEARD HIM YOURSELF.
NO REPORT, VERBAL OR PRINTED, CAN
DO HIM PERFECT JUSTICE.

One Scranton business man put it this way: "Type is cold; his sermons are hot."

Sunday speaks with his eyes, with his gestures and with every muscle of his body; and all this must be taken



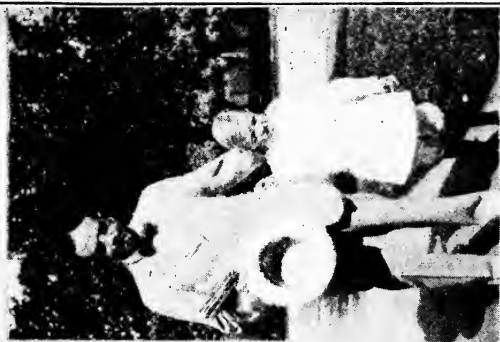
SUNDAY POSING IN FRONT
OF TABERNACLE.



MR. AND MRS. SUNDAY IN A REVIVAL PARADE.



BILLY'S SMILE.



SUNDAY AND HIS
YOUNGEST SON PAUL.

Nobody can read the Bible thoughtfully, and not be impressed with the way it upholds the manhood of man. More chapters in the Bible are devoted to portraying the manhood of Caleb than to the creation of the world.

Home is on a level with the women; the town is on a level with the homes.

You will find lots of things in Shakespeare which are not fit for reading in a mixed audience and call that literature. When you hear some truths here in the tabernacle you will call it vulgar. It makes all the difference in the world whether Bill Shakespeare or Bill Sunday said it.

The more oyster soup it takes to run a church, the faster it runs to the devil.

The reason you don't like the Bible, you old sinner, is because it knows all about you.

Bob Ingersoll wasn't the first to find out that Moses made mistakes. God knew about it long before Ingersoll was born.



"A SALOON-KEEPER AND A GOOD MOTHER
DON'T PULL ON THE SAME ROPE"

All that God has ever done to save this old world, has been done through men and women of flesh and blood like ourselves.

Nearly everybody is stuck up about something. Some people are even proud that they aren't proud.

The average young man is more careful of his company than the average girl.

Going to church doesn't make a man a Christian, any more than going to a garage makes him an automobile.

The Lord may have to pile a coffin on your back before he can get you to bend it.

Don't throw your ticket away when the train goes into a tunnel. It will come out the other side.

The safest pilot is not the fellow that wears the biggest hat, but the man who knows the channels.

If a man goes to hell he ought to be there, or he wouldn't be there.

I am preaching for the age in which I live. I am just recasting my vocabulary to suit the people of my age instead of Joshua's age.

The Church gives the people what they need; the theater gives them what they want.

Death-bed repentance is burning the candle of life in the service of the devil, and then blowing the smoke into the face of God.

Your reputation is what people say about you. Your character is what God and your wife know about you.

When your heart is breaking you don't want the dancing master or saloon-keeper. No, you want the preacher.

Don't you know that every bad man in a community strengthens the devil's mortgage?

Pilate washed his hands. If he had washed his old black heart he would have been all right.

It takes a big man to see other people succeed without raising a howl.

It's everybody's business how you live.

Bring your repentance down to a spot-cash basis.

I believe that cards and dancing are doing more to dam the spiritual life of the Church than the grog-shops—though you can't accuse me of being a friend of that stinking, dirty, rotten, hell-soaked business.

If you took no more care of yourself physically than spiritually, you'd be just as dried up physically as you are spiritually.



"I'LL FIGHT TO THE LAST DITCH, THIS HELLISH TRAFFIC."

CHAPTER IX

Battling with "Booze"

The man who votes for the saloon is pulling on the same rope with the devil, whether he knows it or not.—BILLY SUNDAY.

THERE is a tremendous military advantage in having a definite enemy. The sermons that are aimed at nothing generally hit it. Billy Sunday is happiest and most successful when attacking the liquor evil. Down among the masses of men he learned for himself the awful malignity of strong drink, which he deems the greatest evil of our day.

So he fights it. Everybody will admit—the saloon-keeper first of all—that Billy Sunday is the most effective foe of the liquor business in America today. Small wonder the brewers spend large sums of money in circulating attacks upon him, and in going before him to every town where he conducts meetings, spreading slanders of many sorts.

There is a ghastly humor in the success the brewers have in enlisting the preachers to make common cause with them in discrediting this evangelist. Shrewd men have come quite generally to the conclusion that they will not give aid and comfort to the enemies of righteousness whose interests are best served by criticism of Billy Sunday. All incidental questions aside, Sunday does the Lord's work and is on the Lord's side. It is a pitiable spectacle to see the Lord's servants attacking him; though it is quite understandable why the liquor interest should spend large sums of money in antagonizing Sunday. It would be worth a million dollars to them any day if he could be put out of action.

Wherever Sunday goes a great temperance awakening follows. In eleven of fifteen Illinois towns where he cam-

Archbishop Ireland, the famous Roman Catholic, of St. Paul, said of social crime today, that "seventy-five per cent is caused by drink, and eighty per cent of the poverty."

I go to a family and it is broken up, and I say, "What caused this?" Drink! I step up to a young man on the scaffold and say, "What brought you here?" Drink! Whence all the misery and sorrow and corruption? Invariably it is drink.

Five Points, in New York, was a spot as near like hell as any spot on earth. There are five streets that run to this point, and right in the middle was an old brewery and the streets on either side were lined with grog shops. The newspapers turned a searchlight on the district, and the first thing they had to do was to buy the old brewery and turn it into a mission.

The Parent of Crimes

The saloon is the sum of all villanies. It is worse than war or pestilence. It is the crime of crimes. It is the parent of crimes and the mother of sins. It is the appalling source of misery and crime in the land. And to license such an incarnate fiend of hell is the dirtiest, low-down, damnable business on top of this old earth. There is nothing to be compared to it.

The legislature of Illinois appropriated \$6,000,000 in 1908 to take care of the insane people in the state, and the whisky business produces seventy-five per cent of the insane. That is what you go down in your pockets for to help support. Do away with the saloons and you will close these institutions. The saloons make them necessary, and they make the poverty and fill the jails and the penitentiaries. Who has to pay the bills? The landlord who doesn't get the rent because the money goes for whisky; the butcher and the grocer and the charitable person who takes pity on the children of drunkards, and the taxpayer who supports the insane asylums and other institutions, that the whisky business keeps full of human wrecks.



"FIRST--ARE YOU KINDLY DISPOSED TOWARD ME?"

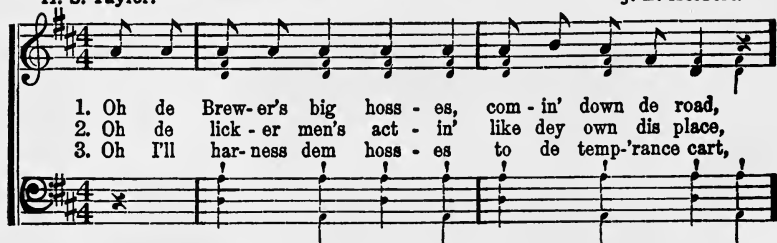
De Brewer's Big Hosses.

(SOLO AND CHORUS.)

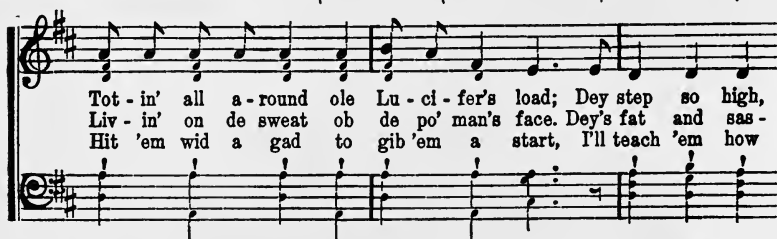
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H. S. Taylor.

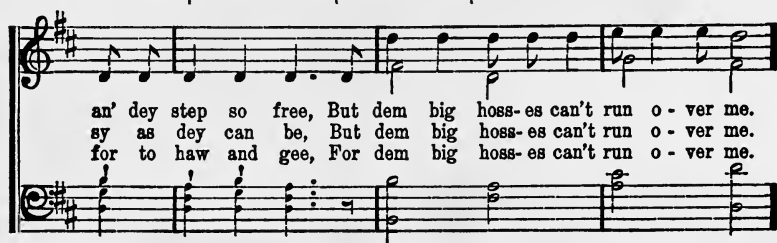
J. B. Herbert.



1. Oh de Brew-er's big hoss - es, com - in' down de road,
2. Oh de lick - er men's act - in' like dey own dis place,
3. Oh I'll har-ness dem hoss - es to de temp'-rance cart,

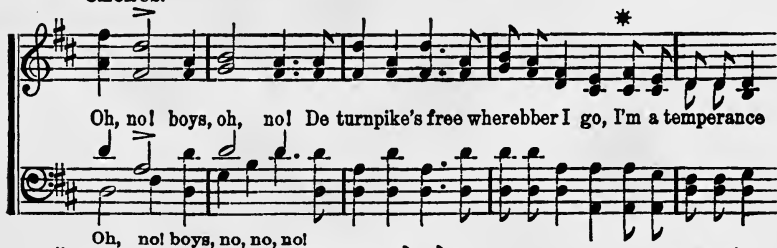


Tot - in' all a - round ole Lu - ci - fer's load; Dey step so high,
Liv - in' on de sweat ob de po' man's face. Dey's fat and sas -
Hit 'em wid a gad to gib 'em a start, I'll teach 'em how

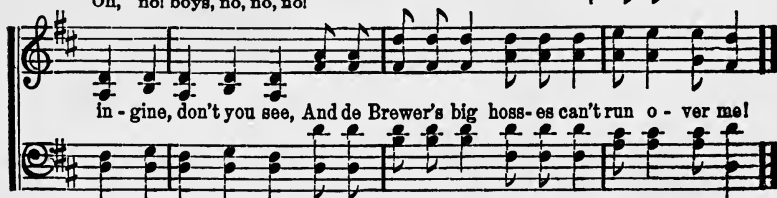


an' dey step so free, But dem big hoss-es can't run o - ver me.
sy as dey can be, But dem big hoss-es can't run o - ver me.
for to haw and gee, For dem big hoss-es can't run o - ver me.

CHORUS.



Oh, no! boys, oh, no! De turnpike's free wherebber I go, I'm a temperance
Oh, no! boys, no, no, no!



in - gine, don't you see, And de Brewer's big hoss-es can't run o - ver me!

* A good effect can be obtained if the male voices will imitate escaping steam and whistle while the female voices sing the two following measures.

fair grounds and a fellow came up to him and said: "Are you the fellow that gave a talk on temperance?"

"Yes."

"Well, I think that the managers did a dirty piece of business to let you give a lecture on temperance. You have hurt my business and my business is a legal one."

"You are right there," said the lecturer, "they did do a mean trick; I would complain to the officers." And he took up a premium list and said: "By the way, I see there

is a premium of so much offered for the best horse and cow and butter. What business are you in?"

"I'm in the liquor business."

"Well, I don't see that they offer any premium for your business. You ought to go down and compel them to offer a premium for your business and they ought to offer on the list \$25

for the best wrecked home, \$15 for the best bloated bum that you can show, and \$10 for the finest specimen of broken-hearted wife, and they ought to give \$25 for the finest specimens of thieves and gamblers you can trot out. You can bring out the finest looking criminals. If you have something that is good trot it out. You ought to come in competition with the farmer, with his stock, and the fancy work, and the canned fruit."



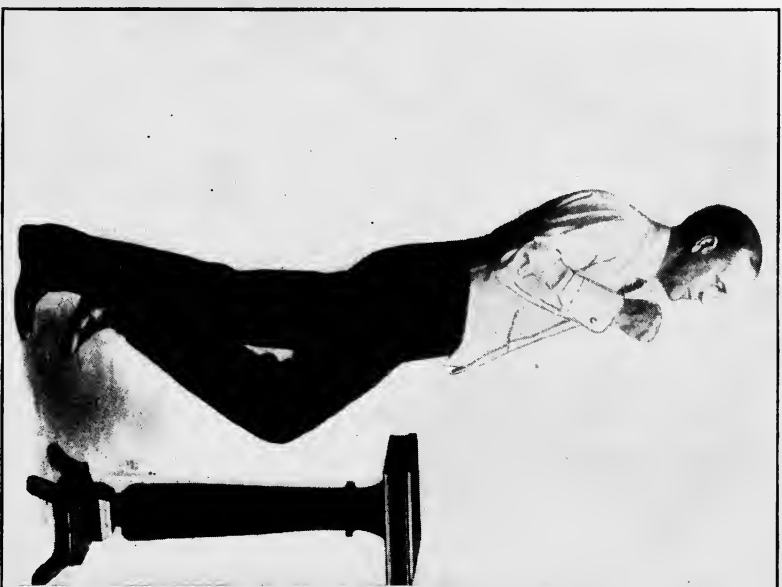
"SHOULD HE LET THE FAUCET RUN, THEY
KNOW THAT HE IS CRAZY"

The Saloon a Coward

As Dr. Howard said: "I tell you that the saloon is a coward. It hides itself behind stained-glass doors and



Copyright, 1908, by C. U. Williams.
 "YOU OLD SKEPTIC, WE ARE COUNTING TIME ON YOU."



Copyright, 1908, by C. U. Williams.
 "JOHN, THE DRUNKARD, MARCHING UP TO THE
 BUTCHER'S SHOP."

CHAPTER X

"Give Attendance to Reading"

There are some so-called Christian homes today with books on the shelves of the library that have no more business there than a rattler crawling about on the floor, or poison within the child's reach.—BILLY SUNDAY.

"I NEVER heard Billy Sunday use an ungrammatical sentence," remarked one observer. "He uses a great deal of slang, and many colloquialisms, but not a single error in grammar could I detect. Some of his passages are really beautiful English."

Sunday has made diligent effort to supplement his lack of education. He received the equivalent of a high-school training in boyhood, which is far more than Lincoln ever had. Nevertheless he has not had the training of the average educated man, much less of a normal minister of the gospel. He is conscious of his limitations: and has diligently endeavored to make up for them. When coaching the Northwestern University base-ball team in the winter of '87 and '88 he attended classes at the University. He has read a great deal and to this day continues his studies. Of course his acquaintance with literature is superficial: but his use of it shows how earnestly he has read up on history and literature and the sciences. He makes better use of his knowledge of the physical sciences, and of historical allusions, than most men drilled in them for years. He displays a proneness for what he himself would call "high-brow stuff," and his disproportionate display of his "book learning" reveals his conscious effort to supply what does not come to him naturally.

Sunday has an eclectic mind. He knows a good thing when he sees it. He is quick to incorporate into his discourses happenings or illustrations wherever found. Moody also was accustomed to do this: he circulated

all evangelical Christians. If he were less cock-sure he would not be Billy Sunday; the great mass of mankind want a religion of authority.

After all, truth is intolerant.

Although lacking technical literary training Sunday is not only a master of living English and of terse, strong, vivid and gripping phrase, but he is also capable of extraordinary flights of eloquence, when he uses the chastest and most appropriate language. He has held multitudes spell-bound with such passages as these:

God's Token of Love

"Down in Jacksonville, Florida, a man, Judge Owen, quarreled with his betrothed and to try to forget, he went off and worked in a yellow-fever hospital. Finally he caught the disease and had succumbed to it. He had passed the critical stage of the disease, but he was dying. One day his sweetheart met the physician on the street and asked about the judge. 'He's sick,' he told her.

"How bad?" she asked.

"Well, he's passed the critical stage, but he is dying," the doctor told her.

"But I don't understand," she said, 'if he's passed the critical stage why isn't he getting well?'

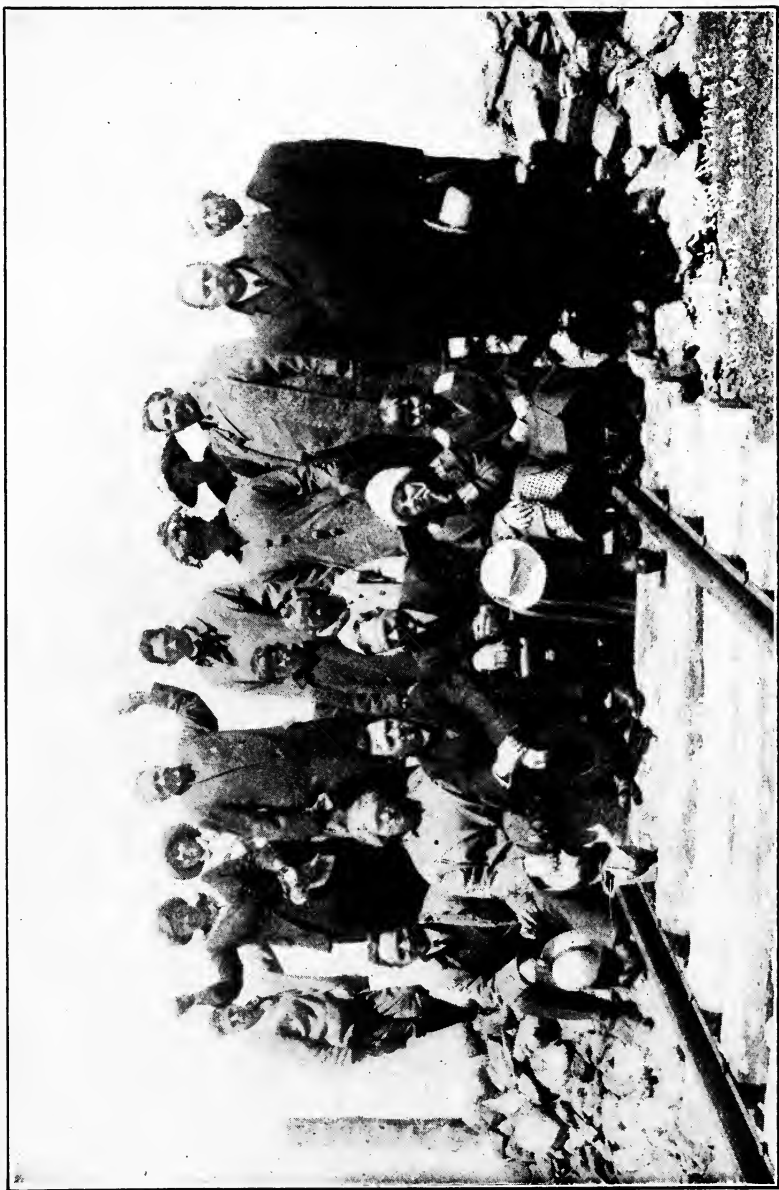
"He's dying, of undying love for you, not the fever," the doctor told her. She asked him to come with her to a florist and he went and there she purchased some smilax and intertwined lilacs and wrote on a card, 'With my love,' and signed her given name.

"The doctor went back to the hospital and his patient was tossing in fitful slumber. He laid the flowers on his breast and he awoke and saw the flowers and buried his head in them. 'Thanks for the flowers, doctor,' he said, but the doctor said, 'They are not from me.'

"Then who are they from?"

"Guess!"

"I can't; tell me."



SNOWBALLING IN JUNE. BILLY SUNDAY AND PARTY ON PIKE'S PEAK.

"I think you'll find the name on the card,' the doctor told him, and he looked and read the card, 'With my love.'

"Tell me,' he cried, 'did she write that of her free will or did you beg her to do it?' The doctor told him she had begged to do it herself.

"Then you ought to have seen him. The next day he was sitting up. The next day he ate some gruel. The next day he was in a chair. The next day he could hobble on crutches. The next day he threw one of them away. The next day he threw the cane away and the next day he could walk pretty well. On the ninth day there was a quiet wedding in the annex of the hospital. You laugh; but listen: This old world is like a hospital. Here are the wards for the libertines. Here are the wards for the drunkards. Here are the wards for the blasphemers. Everywhere I look I see scarred humanity.

"Nineteen hundred years ago God looked over the battlements of heaven and he picked a basket of flowers, and then one day he dropped a baby into the manger at Bethlehem. 'For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life.' What more can he do?

"But God didn't spare him. They crucified him, but he burst the bonds of death and the Holy Spirit came down. They banished John to the isle of Patmos and there he wrote the words: 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door I shall come in to him and sup with him and he with me.' "

The Sinking Ship

"Years ago there was a ship on the Atlantic and a storm arose. The ship sprung a leak and in spite of all the men could do they could not pump out the water fast enough. The captain called the men to him and told them that he had taken observations and bearings and said unless the leak was stopped in ten hours the boat would be at the bottom of the sea. 'I want a man who will volunteer his

"The time will come when there will be a rap on the door.

" 'Who are you?'

" 'Death.'

" 'I didn't send for you. Why do you come here?'

" 'Nobody sends for me. I choose my own time. If I waited for people to send for me I would never come.'

" 'But don't come in now, Death.'

" 'I am coming in. I have waited for a long time. I have held a mortgage on you for fifty years, and I've come to foreclose.'

" 'But, ah, Death, I'm not ready.'



" 'Hush! Hush! I've come to take you. You must come.'

" 'Death! Death! Go get my pocketbook, there! Go get my bankbook! Go get the key to my safety deposit box! Take my gold watch, my jewelry, my lands, my home, everything I've got, I'll give all to you if you'll only go.'

"BUT DEATH SAYS, 'I'VE COME FOR YOU'"

" 'But Death says, 'I've come for you. I don't want your money or your land or anything that you have. You must come with me.'

" 'Death! Death! Don't blow that icy breath upon me. Don't crowd me against the wall!'

" 'You must come! You have a week—you have five days—you have one day—you have twelve hours—you have one hour—you have thirty minutes—you have ten minutes—you have one minute—you have thirty seconds—

"Now—the servant of Naaman entered the hut of the Prophet Elisha and found him sitting perched upon a stool, writing on Papyrus, and he explained how Naaman had the leprosy—and the old prophet never got up, but just said, 'Tell him to bathe in the Jordan seven times—now **BEAT IT!** **BEAT IT!**'"

—o—o—
So the servant went back, and Naaman said, 'Well did you see him?'

And the servant said, 'Yes, but he's a queer old duck—he said for you to bathe in the Jordan seven times.'

—But he went right ahead! First he stuck one toe in—and shivered—but finally—

—And nothing had happened except that his sores began to itch—but when he had dipped seven times—his flesh was made whole—

—He held onto his nose and shut his eyes and down he went—in all over!

WELL—

Naaman thought he'd take a chance—so he went down to the river bank and got off his clothes and probably about the first thing he did was to stub his toe against a big rock!
O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!—

—And then—like as not—one of those big sand flies sat right down between his shoulder blades!
We-e-e-e-e-e-e!!!

—And then up he came and stamped and pounded and spluttered and got the water out of his ears—

HIS LEPROSY WAS HEALED!

A CARICATURE OF BILLY SUNDAY'S EMPHATIC WAY OF PREACHING

CHAPTER XI

Acrobatic Preaching

If nine-tenths of you were as weak physically as you are spiritually, you couldn't walk.—BILLY SUNDAY.

IF, as has been often said, inspiration is chiefly perspiration, then there is no doubting the inspiration of Rev. William A. Sunday, D.D. Beyond question he is the most vigorous speaker on the public platform today. One editor estimates that he travels a mile over his platform in every sermon he delivers. There is no other man to liken him to: only an athlete in the pink of condition could endure the gruelling exertions to which he subjects himself every day of his campaigns. The stranger who sees him for the first time is certain that he is on the very edge of a complete collapse; but as that same remark has been made for years past, it is to be hoped that the physical instrument may be equal to its task for a long time to come.

People understand with their eyes as well as with their ears; and Sunday preaches to both. The intensity of his physical exertions—gestures is hardly an adequate word—certainly enhances the effect of the preacher's earnestness. No actor on the dramatic stage works so hard. Such passion as dominates Sunday cannot be simulated; it is the soul pouring itself out through every pore of the body.

Some of the platform activities of Sunday make spectators gasp. He races to and fro across the platform. Like a jack knife he fairly doubles up in emphasis. One hand smites the other. His foot stamps the floor as if to destroy it. Once I saw him bring his clenched fist down so hard on the seat of a chair that I feared the blood would flow and the bones be broken. No posture is too extreme for this restless gymnast. Yet it all seems natural. Like his speech,

It has never built a hospital for the crushed and sick. It has never dried tears. It has never built a mission for the rescue of the down-and-out. It wouldn't take a ream, or a quire, or a sheet, or even a line of paper to write down what infidelity has done to better and gladden the world.

"What has infidelity done to benefit the world? What has it ever done to help humanity in any way? It never built a school, it never built a church, it never built an asylum or a home for the poor. It never did anything for the good of man. I challenge the combined forces of unbelief. They have failed utterly.

"Well may Christianity stand today and point to its hospitals, its churches and its schools with their towers and the spires pointing to the source of their inspiration and say: 'These are the works that I do.'

"I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes; I would rather have lived in a hut, with a vine growing over the door and grapes growing and ripening in the autumn sun; I would rather have been that peasant, with my wife and children by my side and the open Bible on my knees, at peace with the world and at peace with God; I would rather have been that poor peasant and gone down at least in the promiscuity of the dust, with the certainty that my name was written in the Lamb's book of life than to have been that brilliant infidel whose tricks of oratory charmed thousands and sent souls to hell."

The Faithful Pilot

"Some years ago a harbor pilot in Boston, who had held a commission for sixty-five years (you know the harbor pilots and the ocean pilots are different). For sixty-five years he had guided ships in and out of the Boston harbor, but his time to die had come. Presently the watchers at his bedside saw that he was trying to sit up, and they aided him. 'I see a light,' he said.

"Is it the Minot light?" they asked him.

"No, that is first white and then red; this one is all

it is an integral part of the man. Every muscle of his body preaches in accord with his voice.

Be it whispered, men like this unconventional sort of earnestness. Whenever they are given a chance, most men are prone to break the trammels of sober usage. I never yet have met a layman who has been through a Billy Sunday campaign who had a single word of criticism of the platform gymnastics of the evangelist. Their reasoning is something like this: On the stage, where men undertake to represent a character or a truth, they use all arts and spare themselves not at all. Why should not a man go to greater lengths when dealing with living realities of the utmost importance?

Sunday is a physical sermon. In a unique sense he glorifies God with his body. Only a physique kept in tune by clean living and right usage could respond to the terrific and unceasing demands which Sunday makes upon it. When in a sermon he alludes to the man who acts



SUNDAY IS FOR AN INSTANT DOWN ON ALL FOURS.

no better than a four-footed brute, Sunday is for an instant down on all fours on the platform and you see that brute. As he pictures a man praying he sinks to his knees for a single moment. When he talks of the death-bed penitent as a man waiting to be pumped full of embalming fluid, he cannot help going through the motions of pumping in the fluid. He remarks that death-bed repentance is "burning the candle of life in the service of the devil, and then blowing the smoke in God's face"—and the last phrase is accompanied by "pfouff!" In a dramatic description of the marathon he pictures the athlete falling prostrate at the goal and—thud!—there lies the evangelist prone on the

"I will tell you many young people are good in the beginning, but they are like the fellow that was killed by falling off a skyscraper—they stop too quick. They go one day like a six-cylinder automobile with her carbureters working; the next day they stroll along like a fellow walking through a graveyard reading the epitaphs on the tombstones. It is the false ideals that strew the shores with wrecks, eagerness to achieve success in realms we can not reach that breeds half the ills that curse today. One hundred years from tonight what difference will it make whether you are rich or poor; whether learned or illiterate.

"It matters little where I was born,
Whether my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrunk from the cold world's scorn,
Or lived in pride of wealth secure.
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch;
I tell you—my neighbor—as plain as I can,
That matters much.'

"The engineer is bigger than the locomotive, because he runs it.

"Do your best and you will never wear out shoe leather looking for a job. Do your best, and you will never become blind reading 'Help Wanted' ads in a newspaper. Be like the fellow that went to college and tacked the letter V up over his door in his room. He was asked what that stood for, and he said valedictorian, and he went out carrying the valedictory with him.

"If I were a cobbler, best of all cobblers I would be.

If I were a tinker, no tinker beside should mend an old tea kettle for me.'"

In dealing with the unreality of many preachers, Sunday pictures a minister as going to the store to buy groceries for his wife, but using his pulpit manner, his pulpit tone of voice and his pulpit phraseology. This is so true to life that it convulses every congregation that hears it. In these

CHAPTER XII

“The Old-Time Religion”

I am an old-fashioned preacher of the old-time religion, that has warmed this cold world's heart for two thousand years.—BILLY SUNDAY.

MODERN to the last minute Sunday's methods may be, but his message is unmistakably the “old-time religion.” He believes his beliefs without a question. There is no twilight zone in his intellectual processes; no mental reservation in his preaching. He is sure that man is lost without Christ, and that only by the acceptance of the Saviour can fallen humanity find salvation. He is as sure of hell as of heaven, and for all modernized varieties of religion he has only vials of scorn.

In no single particular is Sunday's work more valuable than in its revelation of the power of positive conviction to attract and convert multitudes. The world wants faith. “Intolerant,” cry the scholars of Sunday; but the hungry myriads accept him as their spiritual guide to peace, and joy, and righteousness. The world wants a religion with salvation in it; speculation does not interest the average man who seeks deliverance from sin in himself and in the world. He does not hope to be evolved into holiness; he wants to be redeemed.

“Modernists” sputter and fume and rail at Sunday and his work: but they cannot deny that he leads men and women into new lives of holiness, happiness and helpfulness. Churches are enlarged and righteousness is promoted, all by the old, blood-stained way of the Cross. The revivals which have followed the preaching of Evangelist Sunday are supplemental to the Book of the Acts. His theology is summed up in the words Peter used in referring to Jesus: “There is none other Name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.”

CHAPTER XIII

“Hitting the Sawdust Trail”

Come and accept my Christ.—BILLY SUNDAY.

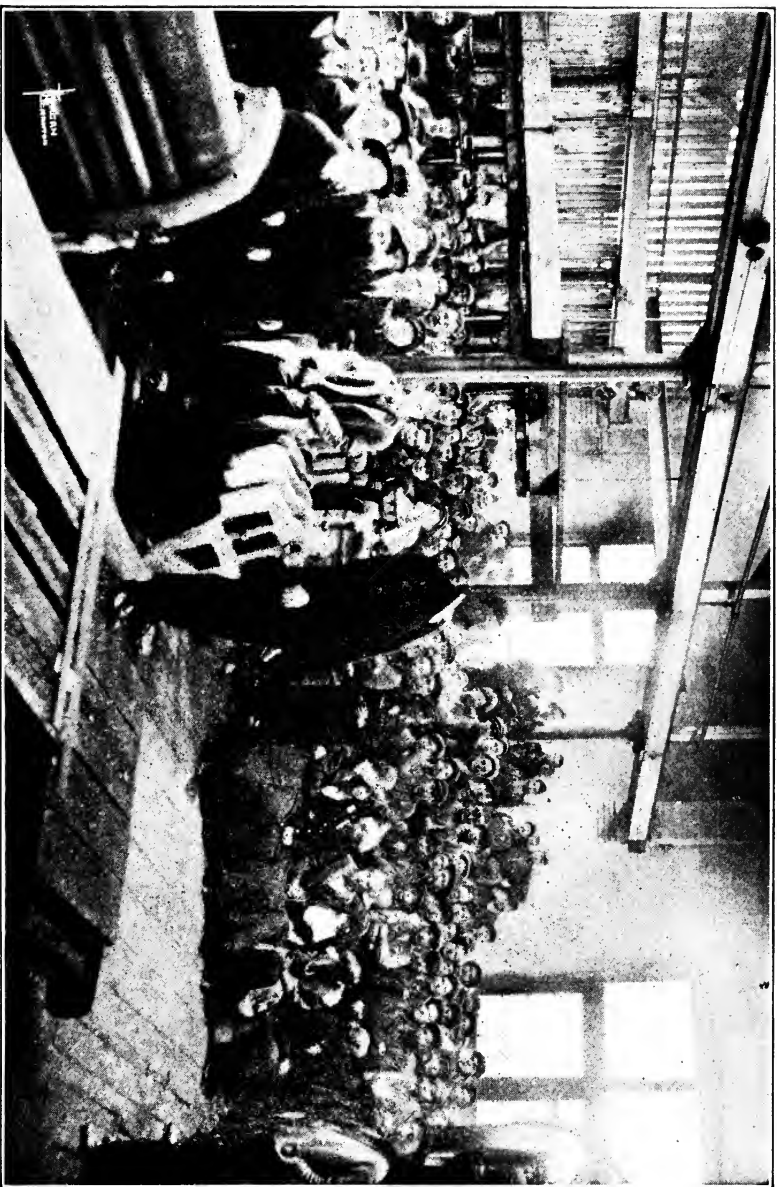
PIONEERS are necessarily unconventional. America has done more than transform a wilderness into a nation: in the process she has created new forms of life and of speech. Back from the frontier has come a new, terse, vigorous and pictorial language. Much of it has found its way into the dictionaries. The newer West uses the word “trail”—first employed to designate the traces left by traveling Indians—to designate a path. The lumbermen commonly call the woods roads “trails.”

Imagine a lumberman lost in the big woods. He has wandered, bewildered, for days. Death stares him in the face. Then, spent and affrighted, he comes to a trail. And the trail leads to life; it is the way home.

There we have the origin of the expression “Hitting the sawdust trail,” used in Mr. Sunday’s meetings as a term similar to the older stereotyped phrases: “Going forward”; “Seeking the altar.” The more conventional method, used by the other evangelists, is to ask for a show of hands.

Out in the Puget Sound country, where the sawdust aisles and the rough tabernacle made an especial appeal to the woodsmen, the phrase “Hitting the sawdust trail” came into use in Mr. Sunday’s meetings. The figure was luminous. For was not this the trail that led the lost to salvation, the way home to the Father’s house?

The metaphor appealed to the American public, which relishes all that savors of our people’s most primitive life. Besides, the novel designation serves well the taste of a nation which is singularly reticent concerning its finer feelings, and delights to cloak its loftiest sentiments beneath



REV. L. K. PEACOCK, ONE OF MR. SUNDAY'S ASSISTANTS, PREACHING IN A MACHINE SHOP IN ONE OF THE NOON-DAY MEETINGS THAT FORM AN IMPORTANT PART OF ALL CAMPAIGNS.

A collarless, ragged, weak-faced slave of dissipation is next in line to a beautiful girl in the dew of her youth. An old, white-wooled negro, leaning on a staff, is led forward. Then a little child. Here are veritably all sorts and conditions of people.

In the particular session I am describing, a big delegation of railroad men is present, and the evangelist keeps turning to them,

with an occasional "Come on, Erie!"

The memories of his own days as a railroad brakeman are evidently working within him, and he seizes a green lantern and waves it. "A clear track ahead!" Toward these men he is most urgent, beckoning them also with a white railroad flag which he has taken from the decorations. When the master mechanic "hits the trail"



A COLLARLESS, WEAK-FACED SLAVE OF DISSIPATION IS NEXT IN LINE TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE DEW OF HER YOUTH

there is cheering from the crowd, and Sunday himself shows a delight that was exhibited over none of the society folk who came forward.

Rare and remarkable as are these scenes in religious history, they occur nightly in the Sunday tabernacle. Two hundred, three hundred, five hundred, one thousand converts are common.

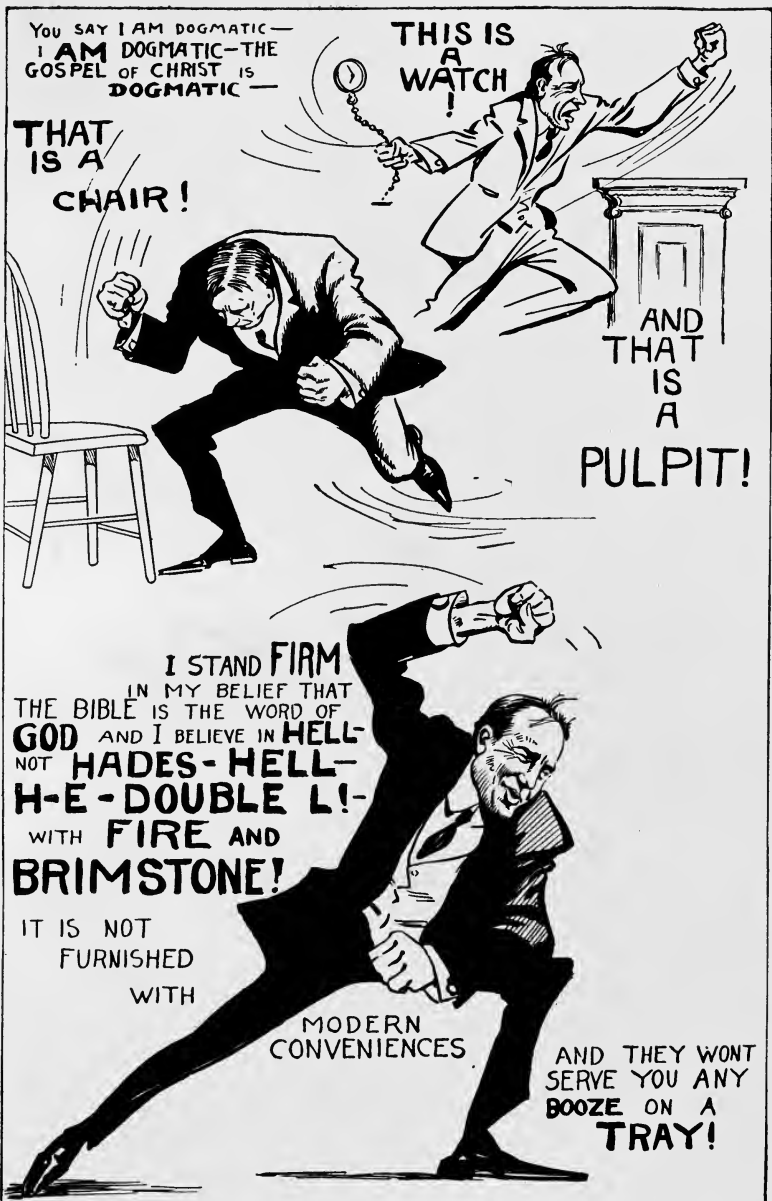
To a student of these campaigns, it seems as if business has sensed, better than the preachers, the economic waste of of sin.

A careful and discriminating thinker, the Rev. Joseph H. Odell, D.D., formerly pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Scranton, wrote an estimate of Billy Sunday and his work for *The Outlook*, in which he explains why his church, which had been opposed to the coming of the evangelist, reversed its vote:

Testimony, direct and cumulative, reached the ears of the same refined and reverent men and women. The young business men, even those from the great universities, paused to consider. The testimony that changed the attitudes of the Church came from judges, lawyers, heads of corporations and well-known society leaders in their respective communities. The testimony was phenomenally concurrent in this: that, while it did not endorse the revivalist's methods, or accept his theological system, or condone his roughness and rudeness, it proved that the preaching produced results.

"Produced results!" Every one understood the phrase; in the business world it is talismanic. As the result of the Billy Sunday campaigns—anywhere and everywhere—drunkards became sober, thieves became honest, multitudes of people engaged themselves in the study of the Bible, thousands confessed their faith in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world, and all the quiescent righteousness of the community grew brave and belligerent against vice, intemperance, gambling, and political dishonesty.

During the last week of February I went to Pittsburgh for the purpose of eliciting interest in the candidacy of J. Benjamin Dimmick for the nomination of United States Senator. Billy Sunday had closed his Pittsburgh campaign a few days earlier. My task was easy. A group of practical politicians met Mr. Dimmick at dinner. They were the men who had worked the wards of Allegheny County on behalf of Penrose and the liquor interests for years. Together they were worth many thousands of votes to any candidate; in fact, they were the political balance of power in that county. They knew everything that men could know about the ballot, and



EVERY MUSCLE IN HIS BODY PREACHES IN ACCORD WITH HIS VOICE.

CHAPTER XIV

The Service of Society

A lot of people think a man needs a new grandfather, sanitation, and a new shirt, when what he needs is a new heart.—BILLY SUNDAY.

SOME day a learned university professor, with a string of titles after his name, will startle the world by breaking away from the present conventionalism in sociology, and will conduct elaborate laboratory experiments in human betterment on the field of a Billy Sunday campaign. His conclusion will surely be that the most potent force for the service of society—the shortest, surest way of bettering the human race—is by the fresh, clear, sincere and insistent preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Of course, the New Testament has been teaching that for nearly twenty centuries, but the world has not yet comprehended the practicability of the program. Your learned professor may prove, by literally thousands of incidents, that honesty, chastity, brotherliness, and idealism have been more definitely promoted by revivals of religion than by legislative or educational programs. All that the social reformers of our day desire may be most quickly secured by straight-out preaching of the Gospel. The shortcut to a better social order is by way of converted men and women. And when a modern scholar comes to demonstrate this he will draw largely upon the aftermath of the Sunday campaigns for his contemporaneous evidence.

If there is one phrase which, better than another, can describe a Billy Sunday campaign it is "restitution and righteousness." In season and out, the evangelist insists upon a changed life as the first consequence of conversion. His message runs on this wise:

"You ought to live so that every one who comes near you will know that you are a Christian. Do you? Does

your milkman know that you are a Christian? Does the man who brings your laundry know that you belong to church? Does the man who hauls away your ashes know that you are a Christian? Does your newsboy know that you have religion? Does the butcher know that you are on your way to heaven? Some of you buy meat on Saturday night, and have him deliver it Sunday morning, just to save

a little ice, and then you wonder why he doesn't go to church.



"DOES YOUR NEWSBOY KNOW THAT YOU HAVE RELIGION?"

"If you had to get into heaven on the testimony of your washerwoman, could you make it? If your getting into heaven depended on what your dressmaker knows about your religion, would you land? If your husband had to gain admittance to heaven on the testimony of his

stenographer, could he do it? If his salvation depended on what his clerks tell about him, would he get there? A man ought to be as religious in business as he is in church. He ought to be as religious in buying and selling as he is in praying.

"There are so many church members who are not even known in their own neighborhood as Christians. Out in Iowa where a meeting was held, a man made up his mind that he would try to get an old sinner into the Kingdom,

CHAPTER XV

Giving the Devil His Due

I know there is a devil for two reasons; first, the Bible declares it; and second I have done business with him.—BILLY SUNDAY.

THE Prince of Darkness was no more real to Martin Luther, when he flung his ink-well at the devil, than he is to Billy Sunday. He seems never long out of the evangelist's thought. Sunday regards him as his most personal and individual foe. Scarcely a day passes that he does not direct his attention publicly to the devil. He addresses him and defies him, and he cites Satan as a sufficient explanation for most of the world's afflictions.

There are many delicate shadings and degrees and differentiations in theology—but Billy Sunday does not know them. He never speaks in semitones, nor thinks in a nebulous way. His mind and his word are at one with his base-ball skill—a swift, straight passage between two points. With him men are either sheep or goats; there are no hybrids. Their destination is heaven or hell, and their master is God or the devil.

He believes in the devil firmly, picturesquely; and fights him without fear. His characterizations of the devil are hair-raising. As a matter of fact it is far easier for the average man, close down to the ruck and red realities of life, to believe in the devil, whose work he well knows, than it is for the cloistered man of books. The mass of the people think in the same sort of strong, large, elemental terms as Billy Sunday. The niceties of language do not bother them; they are the makers and users of that fluid speech called slang.

William A. Sunday is an elemental. Sophistication would spoil him. He is dead sure of a few truths of first magnitude. He believes without reservation or qualifica-

Don't you ever think for a minute that the devil isn't on the job all the time. He has been rehearsing for thousands of years, and when you fool around in his back yard he will pat you on the back and tell you that you are "IT."

I'll fight the devil in my own way and I don't want people to growl that I am not doing it right.

The devil comes to me sometimes. Don't think that

because I am a preacher the devil doesn't bother me any. The devil comes around regularly, and I put on the gloves and get busy right away.

I owe God everything; I owe the devil nothing except the best fight I can put up against him.

I assault the devil's stronghold and I expect no quarter and I give him none.

I am in favor of everything the devil is against, and I am against everything the devil is in favor of—the dance, the booze, the brewery, my friends that have cards in their homes. I am against everything that the devil is in favor of, and I favor everything the devil is against, no matter what it is. If you know which side the devil is on, put me down on the other side any time.

Hell is the highest reward that the devil can offer you for being a servant of his.



"I AM AGAINST EVERYTHING THAT THE DEVIL IS IN FAVOR OF"



Copyright, 1908, by C. U. Williams.
 "WHO WILL LEAD THE WAY?"



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 "HA! HA! OLD DEVIL, I'VE GOT YOU BEAT!"

tion in the Christ who saved him and reversed his life's direction. Upon this theme he has preached to millions. Also he is sure that there is a devil, and he rather delights in telling old Satan out loud what he thinks of him. Meanness, in Satan, sinner or saint, he hates and says so in the language of the street, which the common people understand. He usually perturbs some fastidious folk who think that literary culture and religion are essentially interwoven.

Excoriation of the devil is not Sunday's masterpiece. He reaches his height in exaltation of Jesus Christ. He is surer of his Lord than he is of the devil. It is his bed-rock belief that Jesus can save anybody, from the gutter bum to the soul-calloused, wealthy man of the world, and make them both new creatures. With heart tenderness and really yearning love he holds aloft the Crucified as the world's only hope. That is why his gospel breaks hearts of stone and makes Bible-studying, praying church workers out of strange assortments of humanity.

The following passages will show how familiarly and frequently Sunday treats of the devil:

"DEVIL" PASSAGES

The devil isn't anybody's fool. You can bank on that. Plenty of folks will tell you there isn't any devil—that he is just a figure of speech; a poetic personification of the sin in our natures. People who say that—and especially all the time-serving, hypocritical ministers who say it—are liars. They are calling the Holy Bible a lie. I'll believe the Bible before I'll believe a lot of time-serving, society-fied, tea-drinking, smirking preachers. No, sir! You take God's word for it, there is a devil, and a big one, too.

Oh, but the devil is a smooth guy! He always was, and he is now. He is right on his job all the time, winter and summer. Just as he appeared to Christ in the wilderness, he is right in this tabernacle now, trying to make you sinners indifferent to Christ's sacrifice for your salvation. When the invitation is given, and you start to get

broadly speaking, are for him, and so are their pastors. This might be attributed to partisanship, for certainly Sunday is promoting the work of the Church; but what is to be said when Provost Edgar F. Smith of the University of Pennsylvania comes out in an unqualified endorsement of the man and his work; or such an acute lawyer and distinguished churchman as George Wharton Pepper of Philadelphia, well known in the councils of the Protestant Episcopal Church, gives his hearty approval to Sunday?

Consider the letter which Secretary of State Bryan wrote to Sunday after hearing him at the Pittsburgh Tabernacle:

THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

Washington, January 12, 1914.

MY DEAR SUNDAY: Having about four hours in Pittsburgh last night, my wife and I attended your meeting and so we heard and felt the powerful sermon which you delivered. We noted the attention of that vast audience and watched the people, men and women, old and young, who thronged about you in response to your appeal. Mrs. Eryan had never heard you, and I had heard only a short afternoon address. Last night you were at your best. I cannot conceive of your surpassing that effort in effectiveness.

Do not allow yourself to be disturbed by criticism. God is giving you souls for your hire and that is a sufficient answer. Christ called attention to the fact that both he and John the Baptist had to meet criticism because they were so much unlike in manner. No man can do good without making enemies, but yours as a rule will be among those who do not hear you. Go on, and may the Heavenly Father use you for many years to come, as he has for many years past, and bring multitudes to know Christ as he presented himself when he said, "I am the way, the truth and the life."

Am sorry we could not see you personally, but we left because we found that we were discovered. Some insisted upon shaking hands and I was afraid I might become a cause of disturbance. Mrs. Bryan joins me in regards to Mrs. Sunday and yourself.

Yours truly,

W. J. BRYAN.



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 "YOU OLD HYPOCRITE!"



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 "IT'S UP TO YOU."

CHAPTER XVI

Critics and Criticism

Some preachers need the cushions of their chairs upholstered oftener than they need their shoes half-soled.—BILLY SUNDAY.

IT is only when the bull's eye is hit that the bell rings. The preacher who never gets a roar out of the forces of unrighteousness may well question whether he is shooting straight. One of the most significant tributes to the Evangelist Sunday is the storm of criticism which rages about his head. It is clear that at least he and his message are not a negligible quantity.

This book certainly holds no brief for the impeccability and invulnerability of Billy Sunday. Yet we cannot be blind to the fact he has created more commotion in the camp of evil than any other preacher of his generation. Christians are bound to say "We love him for the enemies he has made." He hits harder at all the forces that hurt humanity and hinder godliness than any other living warrior of God.

The forces of evil pay Billy Sunday the compliment of an elaborately organized and abundantly financed assault upon him. He is usually preceded and followed in his campaigns by systematic attacks which aim to undermine and discredit him. A weekly paper, issued in Chicago, appears to be devoted wholly to the disparaging of Billy Sunday.

In rather startling juxtaposition to that statement is the other that many ministers have publicly attacked Sunday. This is clearly within their right. He is a public issue and fairly in controversy. As he claims the right of free speech for himself he cannot deny it to others. Some of his critics among the clergy object to evangelism in general, some to his particular methods, some to his forms

One need be surprised at nothing in connection with such a personality as Billy Sunday, yet surely there is no precedent for this resolution, adopted by the Pittsburgh City Council, while he was in that city:

WHEREAS, The Rev. William A. Sunday and his party have been in the city of Pittsburgh for the past eight weeks, conducting evangelistic services, and the Council of the city being convinced of the immense good which has been accomplished through his work for morality, good citizenship and religion, therefore be it

Resolved, That the Council of the city of Pittsburgh express its utmost confidence in Mr. Sunday and all of the members of his party; and be it further

Resolved, That it does hereby express to them its appreciation of all the work that has been done, and extends to Mr. Sunday its most cordial wishes for his future success.

While the adverse critics are doing all in their power to discredit him as he goes from place to place, Sunday's friends also are not idle. In Scranton, for instance, before the campaign opened, men in nearly all walks of life received letters from men in corresponding callings in Pittsburgh bearing tribute to Billy Sunday. Thus, bankers would inclose in their correspondence from Pittsburgh an earnest recommendation of Sunday and a suggestion that the bankers of Scranton stand squarely to his support. The local Scranton plumber heard from a plumbers' supply house; labor union men heard from their fellows in Pittsburgh; lawyers and doctors, and a host of business men, had letters from personal friends in Pittsburgh, telling what Sunday had done for that community, and in many cases bearing personal testimony to what his message had meant to the writers.

This is nearer to effective organization than the Christian forces of the country commonly get. This form of propaganda did not bulk large in the public eye, but it created a splendid undercurrent of sentiment; for Banker

entire effect of his work upon the public. Partial judgments are sure to be incorrect judgments.

Billy Sunday succeeds in making clear to all his hearers—indeed he impresses them so deeply that the whole city talks of little else for weeks—that God has dealings with every man; and that God cares enough about man to provide for him a way of escape from the terrible reality of sin, that way being Jesus Christ.

When a preacher succeeds in lodging that conviction in the minds of the multitudes, he is heaven's messenger. Whether he speak in Choctaw, Yiddish, Bostonese or in the slang of Chicago, is too trivial a matter to discuss. We do not inspect the wardrobe or the vocabulary of the hero who rides before the flood, urging the people to safety in the hills.

PLAIN SPEECH FROM SUNDAY HIMSELF

The hour is come; come for something else. It has come for plainness of speech on the part of the preacher. If you have anything to antagonize, out with it; specify sins and sinners. You can always count on a decent public to right a wrong, and any public that won't right a wrong is a good one to get out of.

Charles Finney went to Europe to preach, and in London a famous free-thinker's wife went to hear him. The free-thinker's wife noticed a great change in him; he was more kind, more affectionate, more affable, less abusive and she said, "I know what is the matter with you; you have been to hear that man from America preach." And he said, "Wife, that is an insult; that man Finney don't preach; he just makes plain what the other fellows preach." Now the foremost preacher of his day was Paul. What he preached of his day was not so much idealism as practicality; not so much theology, homiletics, exegesis or didactics, but a manner of life. I tell you there was no small fuss about his way of teaching. When Paul was on the job the devil was awake. There is a kind of preaching that will never arouse the devil.

God so impotent that he can only throw down card houses when all the signs are right! They decline to magnify his power for fear they will overdo it! And if they accidentally make a strong assertion as to his power, they immediately neutralize it by "as it were," or "in a measure, perhaps!"

You make a man feel as though God was stuck on him



"WE'VE GOT A BUNCH OF PREACHERS BREAKING
THEIR NECKS TO PLEASE A LOT OF OLD
SOCIETY DAMES"

and you'll be a thirty-third degree sort of a preacher with that fellow.

If some preachers were as true to their trust as John the Baptist, they might be turned out to grass, but they'd lay up treasures for themselves in heaven.

Clergymen will find their authority for out-of-the-ordinary methods in the lowering of a paralytic through a roof, as told of in the Bible. If that

isn't sensationalism, then trot some out.

If God could convert the preachers the world would be saved. Most of them are a lot of evolutionary hot-air merchants.

We've got churches, lots of them. We've got preachers, seminaries, and they are turning out preachers and putting them into little theological molds and keeping them there until they get cold enough to practice preaching.

The reason some ministers are not more interested in

CHAPTER XVII

A Clean Man on Social Sins

There are a good many things worse than living and dying an old maid, and one of them is marrying the wrong man.—BILLY SUNDAY.

SUNDAY'S trumpet gives no uncertain sound on plain, every-day righteousness. He is like an Old Testament prophet in his passion for clean conduct. No phase of his work is more notable than the zeal for right living which he leaves behind him. His converts become partisans of purity.

Sunday's own mind is clean. He does not, as is sometimes the case, make his pleas for purity a real ministry of evil. In the guise of promoting purity he does not pander to pruriency. As outspoken as the Bible upon social sin, he yet leaves an impression so chaste that no father would hesitate to take his boy to the big men's meeting which Sunday holds in every campaign; and every woman who has once heard him talk to women would be glad to have her daughter hear him also.

The verdict of all Christians who have studied conditions in a community after one of the Sunday campaigns is that Sunday has been like a thunder storm that has cleared the moral atmosphere. Life is sweeter and safer and more beautiful for boys and girls after this man has dealt plainly with social sins and temptations. Of course, it is more important to clean up a neighborhood's mind than its streets.

Even in cold print one may feel somewhat of the power of the man's message on "The Moral Leper."

A PLAIN TALK TO MEN

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in

could only reveal the heart of every one of them! In most you would find despair and disease.

How little he thinks when he is nursing that lust that he is nursing a demon which, like a vampire, will suck his blood and wreck his life and blacken and blight his existence. And if any little children are born to him, they will be weak anemics without the proper blood in their veins to support them. Our young men ought to be taught that no sum they can leave to a charitable institution can blot out the deeds of an ignominious life. You don't have to look far for the reason why so many young men fail; why they go through life weak, ambitionless, useless.

Common Sense

Let's be common folks together today. Let's be men, and talk sense.

As a rule a man wants something better for his children than he has had for himself. My father died before I was born and I lived with my grandfather. He smoked, but he didn't want me to. He chewed, but he didn't want me to. He drank, but he didn't want me to. He cussed, but he didn't want me to. He made wine that would make a man fight his own mother after he had drunk it. I remember how I used to find the bottles and suck the wine through a straw or an onion top.

One day a neighbor was in and my grandfather asked him for a chew. He went to hand it back, and I wanted some. He said I couldn't have it. I said I wanted it anyhow, and he picked me up and turned me across his knee and gave me a crack that made me see stars as big as moons.

If there is a father that hits the booze, he doesn't want his son to. If he is keeping some one on the side, he doesn't want his son to. In other words, you would not want your son to live like you if you are not living right.

An old general was at the bedside of his dying daughter. He didn't believe in the Bible and his daughter said, "What

banishment of Ben Hur and the disintegration of that family life and estate, and the return of Ben Hur from his exile. He goes past his old home. The blinds are closed and drawn and all is deserted. He lies down upon the door-step and falls asleep. His mother and sister have been in the leper colony and are dying of leprosy and only waiting the time when they will be covered with the remains of others who have come there. So they have come to the city to get bread and secure water, and they see their son and brother lying on the door-step of their old home. They dare not awaken him for fear anguish at learning of their fate would be more than he could bear. They dare not touch him because it is against the law, so they creep close to him and put their leprous lips against his sandal-covered feet. They then go back again with the bread and water for which they had come.

Presently Ben Hur awakens and rubs his eyes and sees great excitement. (This part of the story is mine.) Along comes a blear-eyed, old, whisky-soaked degenerate and Ben Hur asks him what is the trouble, what is the excitement about, and he says: "A couple of lepers have been cleansed, but there is nothing to that, just some occult power, it's all a fake." Ben Hur goes farther on and hears about this wonder, and they say it is nothing; nothing, some long-haired evangelist who says his name is Jesus Christ; it's all a fake. Then Ben Hur goes farther and discovers that it is Jesus of Nazareth and that he has cleansed Ben Hur's own mother and sister. He hears the story and acknowledges the Nazarene.

✓ The Leprosy of Sin \

The lepers had to cry, "Unclean! Unclean!" in those days to warn the people. They were compelled by law to do that: also they were compelled by law to go on the side of the street toward which the wind was blowing lest the breeze bring the germs of their body to the clean and infect them with the disease. And the victim of this disease was com-

it must be, at the end of your earthly career, to look back upon a noble and godly life, knowing you did all you could to help leave this old world to God and made your contributions in tears and in prayers and taught your offspring to be God-fearing, so that when you went you would continue to produce your noble character in your children.

Maternity Out of Fashion

Society has just about put maternity out of fashion. When you stop to consider the average society woman I do not think maternity has lost anything. The humbler children are raised by their mothers instead of being turned over to a governess.



"SOCIETY HAS JUST
ABOUT PUT MA-
TERNITY OUT OF
FASHION"

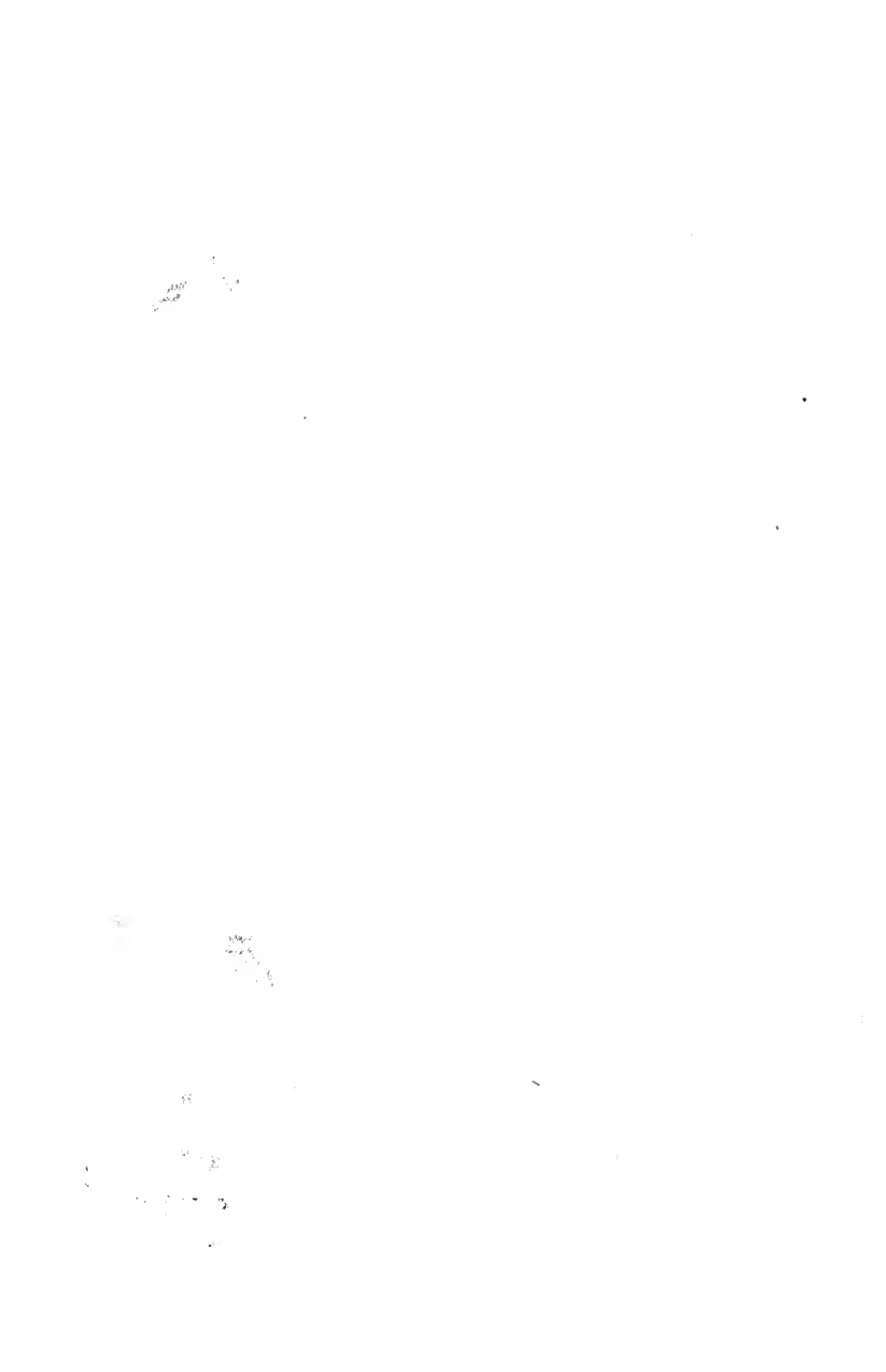
There are too many girls who marry for other causes than love. I think ambition, indulgence and laziness lead more girls to the altar than love—girls not actuated by love, but simply willing to pay the price of wifhood to wear fine clothes. They are not moved by the noble desires of manhood or womanhood.

Some girls marry for novelty and some girls marry for a home. Some fool mothers encourage girls to marry for ease so they can go to the matinee and buzz around. Some fool girls marry for money and some girls marry for society, because by connecting their name with a certain family's they go up a rung in the social ladder, and some girls marry young bucks to reform them—and they are the biggest fools in the bunch, because the bucks would not marry the girls to reform them.

You mothers are worse fools to encourage your daughter to marry some old lobster because his father has money and when he dies, maybe your daughter can have good clothes and ride in an auto instead of hoofing it. Look at the



**PUTTY SUNDAY AND HIS STAFF AT SCHANTON. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: (STANDING) F. R. SEIBERT, A. G. GILL;
(SITTING) B. D. ACKLEY, MISS FRANCES MILLER, MISS GRACE SAXE, MR. SUNDAY.**



That is why I like to have people come down to the front and publicly acknowledge God. I like to have a man have a definite experience in religion—something to remember.

A PLAIN TALK TO WOMEN

And I say to you, young girl, don't go with that godless, God-forsaken, sneering young man that walks the streets smoking cigarettes. He would not walk the streets with you if you smoked cigarettes. But you say you will marry him and reform him; he would not marry you to reform you. Don't go to that dance. Don't you know that it is the most damnable, low-down institution on the face of God's earth, that it causes more ruin than anything this side of hell? Don't you go with that young man; don't you go to that dance. That is why we have so many whip-poor-will widows around the country: they married some of these mutts to reform them, and instead of doing that the undertaker got them. I say, young girl, don't go to that dance; it has proven to be the moral graveyard that has caused more ruination than anything that was ever spewed out of the mouth of hell. Don't go with that young fellow for a joy ride at midnight.

Girls, when some young fellow comes up and asks you the greatest question that you will ever be asked or called upon to answer, next to the salvation of your own soul, what will you say? "Oh, this is so sudden!" That is all a bluff; you have been waiting for it all the time.

But, girls, never mind now, get down to facts. When he asks you the greatest question, the most important one that any girl is ever asked, next to the salvation of her soul, just say, "Sit down and let me ask you three questions. I want to ask you these three questions and if I am satisfied with your answer, it will determine my answer to your question. 'Did you believe me to be virtuous when you came here to ask me to be your wife?'" "Oh, yes, I believed you to be virtuous. That's the reason I came here. You are like

CHAPTER XVIII

"Help Those Women"

If the womanhood of America had been no better than its manhood, the devil would have had the country fenced in long ago.—BILLY SUNDAY.

THE average American is somewhat of a sentimentalist. "Home, Sweet Home," is an American song. No people, except possibly the Irish, respond more readily to the note of "Mother" than the Americans. No other nation honors womanhood so greatly. We are really a chivalrous people.

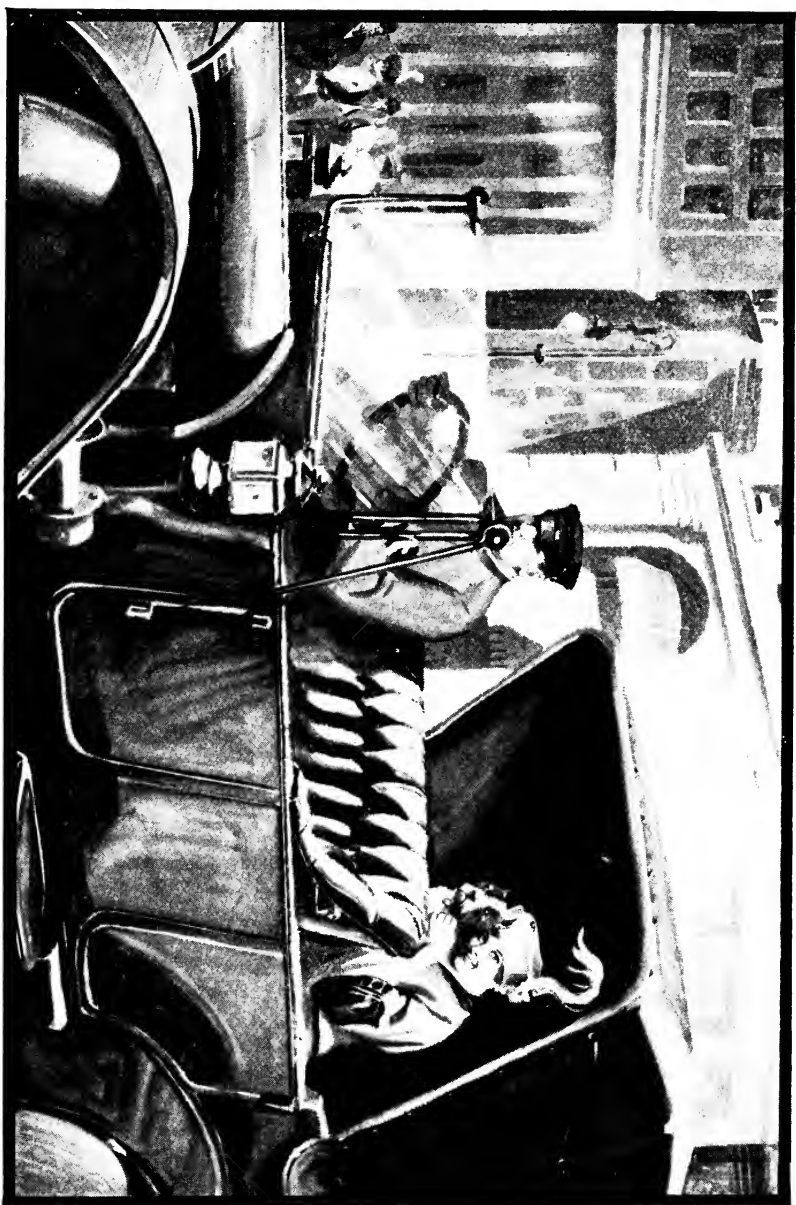
In this respect, as in so many others, Sunday is true to type. His sermons abound with passages which express the best American sentiment toward womanhood. It is good for succeeding generations that such words as the following should be uttered in the ears of tens and hundreds of thousands of young people, and reprinted in scores and hundreds of newspapers.

"MOTHER"

The story of Moses is one of the most beautiful and fascinating in all the world. It takes a hold on us and never for an instant does it lose its interest, for it is so graphically told that once heard it is never forgotten.

I have often imagined the anxiety with which that child was born, for he came into the world with the sentence of death hanging over him, for Pharaoh had decreed that the male children should die. The mother defied even the command of the king and determined that the child should live, and right from the beginning the battle of right against might was fought at the cradle.

Moses' mother was a slave. She had to work in the brickyards or labor in the field, but God was on her side and she won, as the mother always wins with God on her



"DON'T GIVE A PUG-NOSED BULLDOG THE LOVE A BABY OUGHT TO BE GETTING."

ber the last night the coffin stayed, and the next day the pall-bearers and the hearse came. The others may have slept soundly, but there was no sleep for you, and I can imagine there was no sleep for Moses' mother.

“There are whips and tops and pieces of string
And shoes that no little feet ever wear;
There are bits of ribbon and broken wings
And tresses of golden hair.

“There are dainty jackets that never are worn
There are toys and models of ships;
There are books and pictures all faded and torn
And marked by finger tips
Of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust—
Yet we strive to think that the Lord is just.

“Yet a feeling of bitterness fills our soul;
Sometimes we try to pray,
That the Reaper has spared so many flowers
And taken ours away.
And we sometimes doubt if the Lord can know
How our riven hearts did love them so

“But we think of our dear ones dead,
Our children who never grow old,
And how they are waiting and watching for us
In the city with streets of gold;
And how they are safe through all the years
From sickness and want and war.
We thank the great God, with falling tears,
For the things in the cabinet drawer.”

A Mother's Watchfulness

Others in the house might have slept, but not a moment could she spare of the precious time allotted her with her little one, and all through the night she must have prayed that God would shield and protect her baby and bless the work she had done and the step she was about to take.

Some people often say to me: “I wonder what the angels

take care of my baby when I made the ark and put him in it and put it in the water, but I never dreamed that you would put him back into my arms to take care of, so I would not have to work and slave in the field and make brick and be tortured almost to death for fear that the soldiers of Pharaoh would find my baby and kill him. I never thought you would soften the stony heart of Pharaoh and make him pay me for what I would rather do than anything else in this world." I expect to meet Moses' mother in heaven, and I am going to ask her how much old Pharaoh had to pay her for that job. I think that's one of the best jokes, that old sinner having to pay the mother to take care of her own baby. But I tell you, if you give God a chance, he will fill your heart to overflowing. Just give him a chance.

A Mother's Bravery

This mother had remarkable pluck. Everything was against her but she would not give up. Her heart never failed. She made as brave a fight as any man ever made at the sound of the cannon or the roar of musketry.

"The bravest battle that was ever fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you'll find it not—
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

"Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or noble pen,
Nay, not with the eloquent word or thought,
From the mouths of wonderful men.

"But deep in the walled-up woman's heart—
Of women that would not yield.
But, bravely, silently bore their part—
Lo, there is the battle-field.

"No marshaling troops, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But oh, these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave."

"THE IDEAL MOTHER IS THE PRODUCT OF A CIVILIZATION THAT ROSE FROM THE MANGER OF BETHLEHEM."



CHAPTER XIX

Standing on the Rock

If a doctor didn't know any more about *Materia Medica* than the average church member knows about the Bible, he'd be arrested for malpractice.
—BILLY SUNDAY.

A PUBLISHER remarked to me that a Billy Sunday campaign did not create a demand for religious books in general. With rather an air of fault-finding he said, "You can't sell anything but Bibles to that Billy Sunday crowd."

That remark is illuminating. Billy Sunday does not create a cult: he simply sends people back to the Bibles of their mothers. His converts do not become disciples of any particular school of interpretation: the Bible and the hymn book are their only armory. It cannot be gainsaid that it is better to read the Bible than to read books about the Bible. The work of Billy Sunday is not done with a convert until he has inspired that person to a love and loyalty for the old Book.

Such passages as this show the uncompromising loyalty of Sunday to the Bible:

"Here is a book, God's Word, that I will put up against all the books of all the ages. You can't improve on the Bible. You can take all the histories of all the nations of all the ages and cut out of them all that is ennobling, all that is inspiring, and compile that into a common book, but you cannot produce a work that will touch the hem of the garment of the Book I hold in my hand. It is said, 'Why cannot we improve on the Bible? We have advanced everything else.' No, sir. 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My Word shall not.' And so this old Book, which is the Word of God, the Word of Jesus Christ, is the book I intend to preach by everywhere. The religion that

THE STORY OF THE BRAZEN SERPENT

BIBLE VERSION

5. And the people spake against God and against Moses, Wherefore have ye brought us up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness? for there is no bread, neither is there any water; and our soul loatheth this light bread.

6. And the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people; and much people of Israel died.

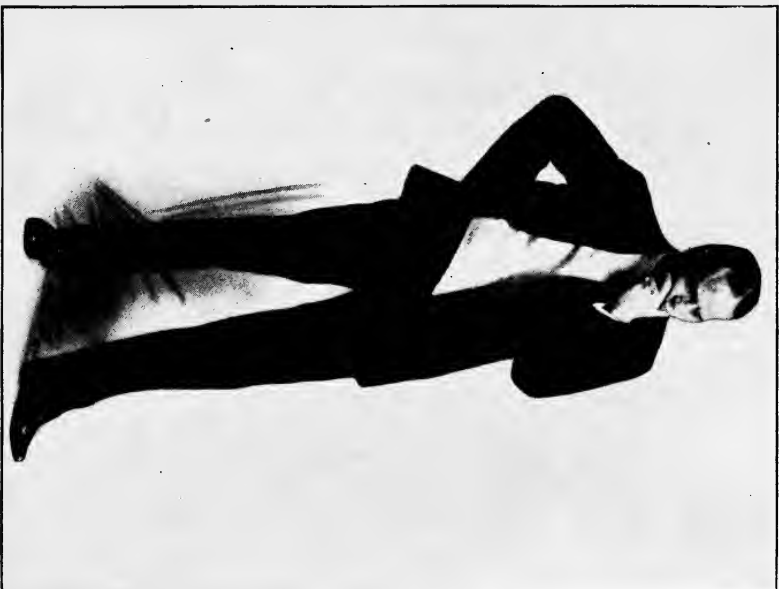
7. Therefore the people came to Moses and said, We have sinned, for we have spoken against the Lord, and against thee; pray unto the Lord that he take away the serpents from us. And Moses prayed for the people.

8. And the Lord said unto Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole: and it shall come to pass that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live.

9. And Moses made a serpent of brass and put it upon a pole and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass he lived.

SUNDAY'S VERSION

The Jews were in Egyptian bondage for years. God said he would release them, but he hadn't come. But God never forgets. So he came and chose Moses to lead them, and when Moses got them out in the wilderness they began to knock and said, "Who is this Moses anyway? We don't know him. Were there not enough graves in Egypt?" and they said they didn't like the white bread they were getting and wanted the onions and the leeks and the garlic and melons of Egypt, and they found fault. And God sent the serpents and was going to kill them all, but Moses interceded and said, "Now see here, God." But the Lord said, "Get out of the way, Moses, and let me kill them all." But Moses said, "Hold on there, Lord. That bunch would have the laugh on you if you did that. They'd say you brought them out here and the commissary stores ran out and you couldn't feed them, so you just killed them all." So God said, "All right, for your sake, Moses, I won't," and he said, "Moses, you go and set up a brazen serpent in the wilderness and that will be the one thing that will save them if they are bitten. They must look or die."



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"I NEVER LOOK AT A CHILD OR AN OLDER PERSON WITHOUT THINKING, 'THERE IS A CASKET OF LOCKED-UP POSSIBILITIES. ONLY THE KEY OF SALVATION IS NEEDED TO OPEN IT.'"



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"SAMSON WITH THE HOLY SPIRIT COULD TAKE THE JAWBONE OF AN ASS AND LAY DEAD A THOUSAND PHILISTINES."

“‘Who’s that big stiff putting up that game of talk?’ asked David of his brothers.

“‘Oh, he’s the whole works; he’s the head cheese of the Philistines. He does that little stunt every day.’

“‘Say,’ said David, ‘you guys make me sick. Why don’t some of you go out and soak that guy? You let him get away with that stuff.’ He decided to go out and tell Goliath where to head in.

“‘So Saul said, ‘You’d better take my armor and sword.’ David put them on, but he felt like a fellow with a hand-me-down suit about four times too big for him, so he took them off and went down to the brook and picked up a half dozen stones. He put one of them in his sling, threw it, and soaked Goliath in the coco between the lamps, and he went down for the count. David drew his sword and chopped off his block, and the rest of the gang beat it.’”

SUNDAY UTTERANCES ON THE BIBLE

The Bible is the Word of God. Nothing has ever been more clearly established in the world today, and God blesses every people and nation that reverence it. It has stood the test of time. No book has so endured through the ages. No book has been so hated. Everything the cunning of man, philosophy, brutality, could contrive has been done, but it has withstood them all.

There is no book which has such a circulation today. Bibles are dropping from the press like the leaves in autumn. There are 200,000,000 copies. It is read by all nations. It has been translated into five hundred languages and dialects.

No book ever came by luck or chance. Every book owes its existence to some being or beings, and within the range and scope of human intelligence there are but three things—good, bad, and God. All that originates in intellect, all which the intellect can comprehend, must come from one of the three. This book, the Bible, could not possibly be the product of evil, wicked, godless, corrupt, vile men, for

CHAPTER XX

Making a Joyful Noise

Don't look as if your religion hurt you.—BILLY SUNDAY.

“**H**E hath put a new song in my mouth.” That is real religion which sets the saints to singing. Gloomy Christians are a poor advertisement of the Gospel. There is nothing of gloom about a Billy Sunday revival.

Shrewd students of the campaigns have often remarked that there are so few tears and so much laughter at the evangelist's services. There is scarcely one of Sunday's sermons in which he does not make the congregation laugh. All of his work is attuned to the note of vitality, robustness and happiness. Concerning the long-faced Christian Sunday says:

“Some people couldn't have faces any longer if they thought God was dead. They ought to pray to stop looking so sour. If they smile it looks like it hurts them, and you're always glad when they stop smiling. If Paul and Silas had had such long faces as some church members have on them when they went into the Philippian jail, the jailer would never have been saved. There never was a greater mistake than to suppose that God wants you to be long-faced when you put on your good clothes. You'd better not fast at all if you give the devil all the benefit. God wants people to be happy.

“The matter with a lot of you people is that your religion is not complete. You have not yielded yourself to God and gone out for God and God's truth. Why, I am almost afraid to make some folks laugh for fear that I will be arrested for breaking a costly piece of antique bric-a-brac. You would think that if some people laughed it would break their faces. I want to tell you that the



BILLY SUNDAY AND "POP" ANSON, FORMER CAPTAIN OF THE FAMOUS CHICAGO "WHITE SOX" BASEBALL TEAM,
ON THE GOLF LINKS.

furnishes not only the melodies but also a rare spectacle. This splendid regiment of helpers seated back of the speaker affects both the eyes and the ears of the audiences. Without his choirs Sunday could scarcely conduct his great campaigns. These helpers are all volunteers, and their steadfast loyalty throughout weeks of strenuous meetings in all kinds of weather is a Christian service of the first order.

True, membership in a Sunday choir is in itself an avocation, a social and religious interest that enriches the lives of the choir members. They "belong" to something big and popular. They have new themes for conversation. New acquaintances are made. The associations first formed in the Sunday choir have in many cases continued as the most sacred relations of life. The bright-

est spot in the monotony of many a young person's life has been his or her membership in the Billy Sunday choir.

The choir also has the advantage of a musical drill and experience which could be secured in no other fashion. All the advantages of trained leadership are given in return for the volunteer service. Incidentally, the choir members know that they are serving their churches and their communities in a deep and far-reaching fashion.



"SOME OF THESE HIGH-PRICED SOPRANOS GET
UP IN CHURCH AND MAKE A NOISE
LIKE A HORSE NEIGHING."

Church the putrefying abscess which is boring into its vitals. About four out of every five who have their names on our church records are doing absolutely nothing to bring anybody to Christ and the Church is not a whit better for their having lived in it. Christians are making a great deal of Lent. I believe in Lent. I'll tell you what kind, though. I believe in a Lent that is kept 365 days in the year for Jesus Christ. That is the kind I like to see. Some people will go to hell sure if they die out of the Lenten season. I hate to see a man get enough religion in forty days to last him and then live like the devil the rest of the year. If you can reform for forty days you can reform for the year.

"The Jewish Church ran up against this snag and was wrecked. The Roman Catholic Church ran up against it and split. All of the churches today are fast approaching the same doom.

"The dangers to the Church, as I see them, are assimilation with the world, the neglect of the poor, substitution of forms for godliness; and all summed up mean a fashionable church with religion left out. Formerly Methodists used to attend class meetings. Now these are abandoned in many churches. Formerly shouts of praise were heard. Now such holy demonstration is considered undignified. Once in a while some good, godly sister forgets herself and pipes out in a falsetto, apologetic sort of a key: 'Amen, Brother Sunday.' I don't expect any of those ossified, petrified, dyed-in-the-wool, stamped-on-the-cork Presbyterians or Episcopalians to shout, 'Amen,' but it would do you good and loosen you up. It won't hurt you a bit. You are hide-bound. I think about half the professing Christians amount to nothing as a spiritual force. They have a kind regard for religion, but as for evangelical service, as for a cheerful spirit of self-denial, as for prevailing prayer, willingness to strike hard blows against the devil, they are almost a failure. I read the other day of a shell which had been invented which is hurled on a ship and when it explodes it puts all on board asleep. I sometimes think one of these shells has hit the Church.

into the city hall and bless the mayor, directors and all the rest. We thank thee that the storm has passed. We believe that we will learn a lesson of how helpless we are before thee. How chesty we are when the sun shines and the day is clear, but, oh! how helpless when the breath of God comes and the snowflakes start to fall; when the floods come we get on our knees and wring our hands and ask mercy from thee. Oh, help us, O Lord.

"When the people get to hell—I hope that nobody will ever go there and I am trying my best to save them—they will know that they are there because they lived against God. I am not here to injure them; I am not here to wreck homes; I am here to tell them of the blessing you send down when they are with you. We pray for the thousands and thousands that will be saved."

"Thank you, Jesus. I came to you twenty-seven years ago for salvation and I got salvation. Thank the Lord I can look in the face of every man and woman of God everywhere and say that for all those years I have lived in salvation. Not that I take any credit to myself for that; it was nothing inherent in me; it was the power of God that saved me and kept me.

"O Lord, sweep over this town and save the business men of this community, the young men and women. O God, save us all from the cesspools of hell and corruption. Help me, Lord, as I hurl consternation into the ranks of that miserable, God-forsaken crew who are feeding, fattening and gormandizing on the people! Get everybody interested in honesty and decency and sobriety and make them fight to the last ditch for God. There are too many cowards, four-flushers in the Church."

"O Jesus, we thank God that you came into this old world to save sinners. Keep us, Lord. Hear us, O God, ere we stumble on in darkness. Lead the hundreds here to thy throne. Help the professing Christians who have not

CHAPTER XXII

Those Billy Sunday Prayers

I never preach a sermon until I have soaked it in prayer.—BILLY SUNDAY.

CONCERNING the prayers of Sunday there is little to be said except to quote samples of them and let the reader judge for himself.

That they are unconventional no one will deny; many have gone farther and have said that they are almost sacrilegious. The charge has often been made that the evangelist addresses his prayers to the crowd instead of to God. No one criticism has oftener been made of Mr. Sunday by sensitive and thoughtful ministers of the Gospel, than that his public prayers seem to be lacking in fundamental reverence.

The defender of Sunday rejoins, "He talks to Jesus as familiarly as he talks to one of his associates." Really, though, there is deep difference. His fellow-workers are only fellow-workers, but of the Lord, "Holy and reverend is his name." Many of the warmest admirers of the evangelist do not attempt to defend all of his prayers.

Probably Sunday does not know that in all the Oriental, and some European, languages there is a special form of speech reserved for royalty; and that it would be an affront to address a king by the same term as the commoner. The outward signs of this mental attitude of reverence in prayer are unquestionably lacking in Sunday.

His usual procedure is to begin to pray at the end of a sermon, without any interval or any prefatory remarks, such as "Let us pray." For an instant, the crowd does not realize that he is praying. He closes his eyes and says, "Now Jesus, you know," and so forth, just as he would say to the chorister, "Rody, what is the name of that delega-



BILLY JR., MR. AND MRS. SUNDAY AND PAUL.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Revival on Trial

One spark of fire can do more to prove the power of powder than a whole library written on the subject.—BILLY SUNDAY.

WHAT Evangelist Sunday says to his congregations is sometimes less significant than what he helps his congregation to say to the world. Let us take a sample meeting in the Pittsburgh campaign, with the tremendous deliverance which it made upon the subject of revivals and conversions.

A "sea of faces" is a petrified phrase, which means nothing to most readers. Anybody who will stand on the platform behind Billy Sunday at one of his great tabernacles understands it. More than twenty thousand faces, all turned expectantly toward one man, confront you. The faces rather than the hair predominate. There are no hats in sight.

Like the billows along the shore, which may be observed in detail, the nearer reaches of this human sea are individualized. What a Madonna-face yonder girl has! See the muscles of that young man's jaw working, in the intensity of his interest. The old man who is straining forward, so as not to miss a word, has put a black and calloused hand behind his ear. That gray-haired woman with the lorgnette and rolls of false hair started out with the full consciousness that she was a "somebody": watch her wilt and become merely a tired, heart-hungry old woman. And the rows and rows of undistinguished commonplace people, just like the crowds we meet daily in the street cars.

Somehow, though, each seems here engaged in an individual transaction. A revival meeting accents personality. Twenty or thirty rows down the big congrega-

That is the result. He has to plow and plant and take care of his farm before the crops come.

Religion needs a baptism of horse sense. That is just pure horse sense. I believe there is no doctrine more dangerous to the Church today than to convey the impression that a revival is something peculiar in itself and cannot be judged by the same rules of causes and effect as other things. If you preach that to the farmers—if you go to a farmer and say “God is a sovereign,” that is true; if you say “God will give you crops only when it pleases him and it is no use for you to plow your ground and plant your crops in the spring,” that is all wrong, and if you preach that doctrine and expect the farmers to believe it, this country will starve to death in two years. The churches have been preaching some false doctrines and religion has died out.

Some people think that religion is a good deal like a storm. They sit around and fold their arms, and that is what is the matter.

You sit in your pews so easy that you become mildewed. Such results will be sure to follow if you are persuaded that religion is something mysterious and has no natural connection between the means and the end. It has a natural connection of common sense and I believe that when divinely appointed means are used spiritual blessing will accrue to the individuals and the community in greater numbers than temporal blessings. You can have spiritual blessings as regularly as the farmer can have corn, wheat,



“YOU SIT IN YOUR PEWS SO EASY THAT
YOU BECOME MILDEWED”

CHAPTER XXIV

An Army with Banners

The man who is right with God will not be wrong with anything that is good.—BILLY SUNDAY.

THE oldest problem of the Christian Church, and the latest problem of democracy, is how to reach the great mass of the people. Frequently the charge is made that the Church merely skims the surface of society, and that the great uncaring masses of the people lie untouched beneath it. Commonly, a revival reaches only a short distance outside the circumference of church circles. The wonder and greatness of the Billy Sunday campaigns consist in the fact that they reach to the uttermost rim of a community, to its greatest height and its lowest depth. There can be no question that he stirs a city as not even the fiercest political campaign stirs it. Sunday touches life on all levels, bringing his message to bear upon the society woman in her parlor and the humblest day laborer in the trench.

This does not come to pass by any mere chance. Organized activity achieves it. The method which produces the greatest results is what is called the Delegation Idea, whereby detachments of persons from various trades, callings and organizations and communities attend in a body upon the services of the Sunday Tabernacle.

By prearrangement, seats are reserved every night for these visiting delegations. Sometimes there will be as many as a dozen delegations present in one evening. As the campaign progresses towards its conclusion real difficulty is experienced in finding open dates for all the delegations that apply. At the outset, Mr. Sunday's assistants have to "work up" these delegations. Later, the delegations themselves besiege the workers.

Please God and see how it will delight your soul. If you'll win a soul you will have a blessing that the average church member knows nothing about. They are absolute strangers to the higher Christian life. We need an aroused church. An anxious church makes anxious sinners.

If all the Methodist preachers would each save a soul a month there would be 460,000 souls saved in a year. If all the Baptist preachers would each save a soul a month there would be 426,000 souls saved in a year. If all the other evangelical preachers would save a soul a month there would

be 1,425,000 souls saved a year. Over 7,000 Protestant churches recently made report of no accessions on confession of faith. Christ said to preach the gospel to all the world and that means every creature in the world.



"MY GOD, I'VE GOT TWO BOYS DOWN THERE!"

country between the ages of sixteen and thirty years; 12,000,000 are not members of any church, Protestant or Catholic; 5,000,000 of them go to church occasionally; 7,000,000 never darken a church door from one year's end to another. They fill the saloons and the houses of ill fame, the haunts of vice and corruption, and yet most young men have been touched by some Sunday-school influences; but you don't win them for God and they go into the world never won for God.

I want to tell you if you want to solve the problem for the future get hold of the young men now. Get them for



"GOD LIKES A LITTLE HUMOR, AS EVIDENCED BY THE FACT THAT HE
MADE THE MONKEY, THE PARROT—AND SOME OF YOU PEOPLE."

CHAPTER XXV

A Life Enlistment

When a man, after starting to be a Christian, looks back, it is only a question of time until he goes back.—BILLY SUNDAY.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES, the philosopher, contended that there was a scientific value to the stories of Christian conversions; that these properly belonged among the data of religion, to be weighed by the man of science. Harold Begbie's notable book, "Twice-Born Men," was recognized by Professor James as a contribution to the science of religion; for it was simply a collection of the stories of men whose lives had been transformed by the gospel which the Salvation Army had carried to them. A whole library of such books as "Twice-Born Men" could be written concerning the converts of Billy Sunday. His converts not only "right-about-face" but they keep marching in the new direction. Their enlistment is for life.

This point is one of the most critical in the whole realm of the discussion of revivals. Times without number it has been charged that the converts of evangelists lose their religion as quickly as they got it. A perfectly fair question to ask concerning these Billy Sunday campaigns is, "Are they temporary attacks of religious hysteria, mere effervescent moods of spiritual exaltation, which are dissipated by the first contact with life's realities?"

Here is opportunity for the acid test. Billy Sunday has been conducting revival meetings long enough to enable an investigator to go back over his trail and trace his results. After years have passed, are there still evidences of the presence and work of the evangelist? To this only one answer can be made. The most skeptical and antagonistic person cannot fail to find hundreds and thousands

CHAPTER XXVI

"A Good Soldier of Jesus Christ"

I'd rather undertake to save ten drunkards than one old financial Shylock—it would be easier.—BILLY SUNDAY.

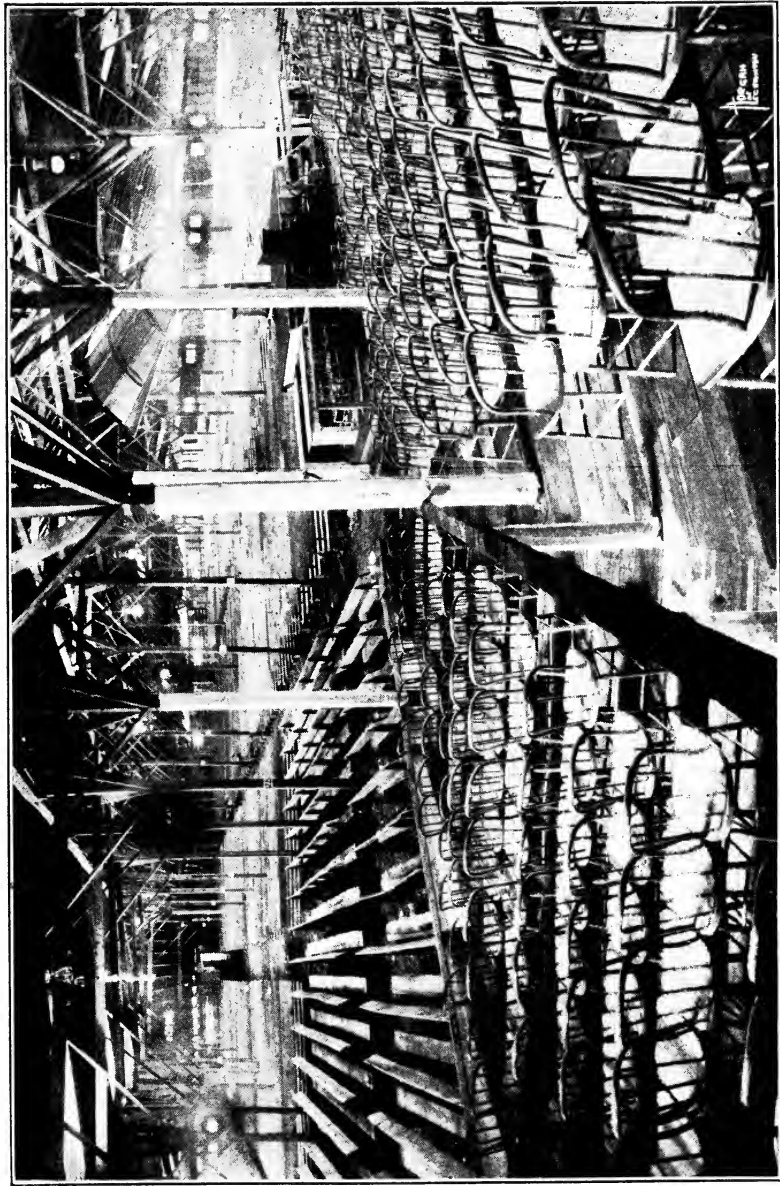
SYMPATHETIC observers comment in distressed tones upon the physical exhaustion of Sunday after every one of his addresses. He speaks with such intensity and vigor that he is completely spent by every effort. To one who does not know that he has worked at this terrific pace for near a score of years it seems as if the evangelist is on the verge of a complete collapse. He certainly seems to speak "as a dying man to dying men." The uttermost ounce of his energy is offered up to each audience. Billy Sunday is an unsparing worker.

For a month or six weeks of every year he gives himself to rest. The remainder of the year he is under a strain more intense than that of a great political campaign. Even his Monday rest day, which is supposed to be devoted to recuperation, is oftener than not given to holding special meetings in some other city than the one wherein he is campaigning. Speaking twice or oftener every day, to audiences averaging many thousands, is a tax upon one's nerve force and vitality beyond all computation. In addition to this, Sunday has his administrative work, with its many perplexities and grave responsibilities.

Withal, the evangelist, like every other man pre-eminent in his calling, suffers a great loneliness; he has few intimates who can lead his mind apart from his work. What says Kipling, in his "Song of Diego Valdez," the lord high admiral of Spain, who pined in vain for the comradeship of his old companions, but who, in the aloneness of eminence, mourned his solitary state?

"They sold Diego Valdez
To bondage of great deeds."





THE TABERNACLE AT SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA, TYPICAL OF THE AUDITORIUMS THAT ARE ERECTED WHEREVER CAMPAIGNS ARE CONDUCTED. TO DEADEN SOUND THE FLOOR IS COVERED WITH SAWDUST, WHENCE THE NAME "SAWDUST TRAIL." TO PREVENT THE POSSIBILITY OF A PANIC, NO BOARD IS FASTENED WITH MORE THAN TWO NAILS, AND THERE IS A DOOR AT THE END OF EVERY AISLE.

| | Population. | Conversions. |
|-------------------------------------|-------------|--------------|
| Boston..... | 670,585 | 63,716 |
| Philadelphia..... | 1,500,000 | 41,724 |
| Detroit..... | 465,766 | 27,192 |
| Pittsburgh, Pa..... | 533,905 | 26,601 |
| Baltimore..... | 558,485 | 23,085 |
| Syracuse, N. Y..... | 137,249 | 22,499 |
| Columbus, Ohio..... | 181,511 | 18,137 |
| Scranton..... | 150,000 | 18,000 |
| Trenton, N. J..... | 96,815 | 16,745 |
| Wilkes-Barre, Pa..... | 67,105 | 16,584 |
| Paterson, N. J..... | 125,000 | 14,456 |
| Johnstown, Pa..... | 55,482 | 11,829 |
| Des Moines..... | 100,000 | 10,200 |
| McKeesport, Pa..... | 42,694 | 10,022 |
| Omaha, Neb..... | 124,069 | 9,000 |
| Wheeling, W. Va..... | 41,641 | 8,300 |
| Denver..... | 245,423 | 8,100 |
| Steubenville, Ohio..... | 22,391 | 7,888 |
| Toledo, Ohio..... | 168,497 | 7,686 |
| Springfield, Ohio..... | 46,921 | 6,804 |
| Newcastle, Pa..... | 36,280 | 6,683 |
| South Bend, Ind..... | 53,684 | 6,398 |
| East Liverpool, Ohio..... | 20,387 | 6,354 |
| Beaver Falls, Pa..... | 12,191 | 6,000 |
| Youngstown, Ohio..... | 79,066 | 5,915 |
| Huntington, W. Va..... | 31,161 | 5,812 |
| Lima, Ohio..... | 30,508 | 5,659 |
| Canton, Ohio..... | 50,217 | 5,640 |
| Erie, Pa..... | 66,525 | 5,312 |
| Portsmouth, Ohio..... | 23,481 | 5,224 |
| Total for this group of cities..... | 5,767,042 | 427,565 |

In 1904-5 Billy Sunday visited various cities of Illinois where conversions ranged in numbers from 650 to 1,800; in Iowa, where conversions ranged from 400 to 1,000; and in a few other towns. In 1905-6 numerous campaigns in Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota produced converts ranging from 550 to 2,400, the highest number being reached in Burlington, Iowa. In 1906-7 the converts numbered over 12,000, with a maximum of 3,000 in Kewanee, Illinois. In 1907-8 cam-

sheep would do. He wants my body now when I'm alive and not when I am dead and the undertaker is waiting to carry it out to the cemetery. The day of that dispensation is past, and now he wants you, a living sacrifice, a real sacrifice. A traveling man who wants to make his wife a present, and sits up all night in the train instead of taking a



"NO MORE OF YOU
OLD DEACONS
COMING DOWN
THE AISLES
STROKING YOUR
WHISKERS"

berth for three dollars and uses the three dollars to buy a present for his wife, makes a real sacrifice for her. There never was a victory without sacrifice. Socrates advanced the doctrine of immortality and died with a cup of poisoned hemlock. Jesus Christ paid with a crown of thorns. Abraham Lincoln paid with a bullet in his body. If you mean to give yourself as a sacrifice to God, get out and work for him. Ask men to come to him.

"A holy sacrifice." Some men shy at that word "holy" like a horse at an automobile. Holy vessels were set apart for use in the worship of God. To be holy is to be set apart for God's use—that's all. To be holy isn't to be long-faced and never smile.

"Acceptable unto the Lord." If that were true then this old desert would blossom like Eden. If that were taken as our watchword, what a stampede of short yardsticks, shrunken measures, light weights, adulterated foods, etc., there would be!

What a stopping of the hitting up of booze! There would be no more living in sin and keeping somebody on the side, no more of you old deacons coming down the aisles stroking your whiskers and renting your buildings for houses of ill fame, and newspapers would stop carrying ads for whisky and beer.



Dear Friend:

You have by this act of coming forward publicly acknowledged your faith in Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour. No one could possibly be more rejoiced that you have done this, or be more anxious for you to succeed and get the most joy out of the Christian life, than I. Therefore, I ask you to read carefully this little tract. Paste it in your Bible and read it frequently.

W. A. Dunday.
2 Tim: 2:15.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A CHRISTIAN

“A Christian is any man, woman or child who comes to God as a lost sinner, accepts the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour, surrenders to Him as their Lord and Master, confesses Him as such before the world, and strives to please Him in everything day by day.”

Have **you** come to God realizing that you are a lost sinner? Have **you** accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as **your** personal Saviour; that is, do **you** believe with all your heart that God laid all **your** iniquity on Him? (Isa. 53:5-6) and that He bore the penalty of **your** sins (I Peter 2:24), and that **your** sins are forgiven because Jesus died in **your** stead?

Have **you** surrendered to Him as your Lord and Master? That is, are **you** willing to do His will even when it conflicts with your desire?

Have **you** confessed to Him as your Saviour and Master before the world?

Is it **your** purpose to strive to please Him in everything day by day?

If you can sincerely answer “YES” to the foregoing questions, then you may know on the authority of God’s Word that **you** are NOW a child of God (John 1:12), that you have NOW eternal life (John 3:36); that is to say, if you have done **your** part (i. e., believe that Christ died in your place, and receive Him as your Saviour and Master) God has done HIS part and imparted to you His **own** nature (II Peter 1:4).

[Facsimile of Page Two of Circular Handed to Every Convert.]

HOW TO MAKE A SUCCESS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

Now that you are a child of God **your** growth depends upon **yourself**.

It is impossible for you to become a useful Christian unless you are willing to do the things which are absolutely essential to your spiritual growth. To this end the following suggestions will be found to be of vital importance:

1. **STUDY THE BIBLE:** Set aside at least fifteen minutes a day for Bible Study. Let God talk to you fifteen minutes a day through His Word. Talk to God fifteen minutes a day in prayer. Talk for God fifteen minutes a day.

“As new-born babes desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby.”—I Peter 2:2.

The word of God is food for the soul.

Commit to memory one verse of Scripture each day.

Join a Bible class. (Psa. 119:11.)

2. **PRAY MUCH:** Praying is talking to God. Talk to Him about everything—your perplexities, joys, sorrows, sins, mistakes, friends, enemies.

“Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.” Phil. 4:6.

3. **WIN SOMEONE FOR CHRIST:** For spiritual growth you need not only food (Bible study) but exercise. Work for Christ. The only work Christ ever set for Christians is to win others.

“Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.” Mark 16:15.

“When I say unto the wicked, thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand.”—Ezek. 3:18.

[Facsimile of Page Three of Circular Handed to Every Convert]

4. SHUN EVIL COMPANIONS: Avoid bad people, bad books, bad thoughts. Read the First Psalm.

“Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness, and what communion hath light with darkness—what part hath he that believeth with an infidel—wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord.”—II Cor. 6:14-17.

Try to win the wicked for God, but do not choose them for your companions.

5. JOIN SOME CHURCH: Be faithful in your attendance at the Sabbath and mid-week services.

“Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is.”—Heb. 10:25.

Co-operate with your pastor. God has appointed the pastor to be a shepherd over the church and you should give him due reverence and seek to assist him in his plans for the welfare of the church.

6. GIVE TO THE SUPPORT OF THE LORD'S WORK: Give as the Lord hath prospered you.—I Cor. 16:2.

“Give not grudgingly or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver.”—I Cor. 9:7.

7. DO NOT BECOME DISCOURAGED: Expect temptations, discouragement and persecution; the Christian life is warfare.

“Yea and all who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.”—II Tim. 3:12.

The eternal God is thy refuge. We have the promises that all things, even strange and hard unaccountable obstacles, work together for our good. Many of God's brightest saints were once as weak as you are, passed through dark tunnels and the hottest fire, and yet their lives were enriched by their experiences, and the world made better because of their having lived in it.

Read often the following passages of Scripture: Romans 8:18; James 1:12; I Corinthians 10:13.

[Facsimile of Page Four of Circular Handed to Every Convert.]

CHAPTER XXVII

A Wonderful Day at a Great University

The higher you climb the plainer you are seen.—BILLY SUNDAY.

BILLY SUNDAY has had many great days in his life—mountain-top experiences of triumphant service; exalted occasions when it would seem that the climax of his ministry had been reached. Doubtless, though, the greatest day of his crowded life was the thirtieth of March, 1914, which he spent with the students of the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia.

The interest not alone of a great university but also of a great city was concentrated upon him on this occasion. An imposing group of discriminating folk took the opportunity to judge the much discussed evangelist and his work. In this respect, the day may be said to have proved a turning point in the public career of the evangelist. It silenced much of the widespread criticism which had been directed toward him up to this time; and it won for him the encomiums of a host of intellectual leaders.

What Sunday's own impressions of that day were may be understood from the prayer he offered at the close of the night meeting.

Oh, Jesus, isn't this a fine bunch? Did you ever look down on a finer crowd? I don't believe there is a mother who is any prouder of this lot of boys than I am tonight. I have never preached to a more appreciative crowd, and if I never preach another sermon, I am willing to go home to glory tonight, knowing that I have helped save the boys at the University of Pennsylvania. Help them to put aside temptations, and to follow in the paths in which Doctor Smith is trying to guide their feet.

Back of the visit of the evangelist to the University lies a story, and a great principle. The latter is that mate-

Mr. Sunday awoke in me a realization of my evil practices and sins so forcefully that I am going to make a determined effort to give them up and to make amends for the past. From my many conversations with fellow-students I find that this is what Mr. Sunday did. If he did not directly cause the student to come forward and take a stand, every student at least was aroused to think about this all-important question in a light that he had not seriously considered it in before. The undergraduate body, as a whole, is glad that Mr. Sunday came to Philadelphia.

A Christian worker from the Law School gave his opinion as follows:

I have been connected with the University of Pennsylvania for six years, and for the greater part of this time have been in close touch with the work of the Christian Association. The influence of the Association seems to be increasing constantly, but Billy Sunday accomplished in one day what the Association would be proud to have accomplished in one year. To my mind, Mr. Sunday's visit marks the beginning of a new epoch—the Renaissance of religious work of the University.

That is the sort of thing that occupied pages of the official publication of the University, following the evangelist's visit. This day's work attracted the attention not only of Philadelphia newspapers, but the religious press throughout the country quite generally commented upon it. Dr. Mosley H. Williams graphically reviewed it in the *Congregationalist*.

The University of Pennsylvania, founded by Benjamin Franklin in 1749, is the fourth in age of American universities, antedated only by Harvard, Yale, and Princeton by one year. It is located in a city of a million and three-quarters people. It now enrolls 6,632 students, representing every state in the Union, and fifty-nine foreign countries. There are 250 from Europe and Asia, and 150 from Latin America; so that in the cosmopolitanism of its make-up, probably no





BILLY SUNDAY AND HIS FAMILY AT HOME, MOUNT HOOD, WINONA
LAKE, INDIANA.

CHAPTER XXVIII

The Christian's Daily Helper

Too much of the work of the Church today is like a squirrel in a cage—lots of activity, but no progress.—BILLY SUNDAY.

IN the course of one of his campaigns, Sunday sweeps the arc of the great Christian doctrines. While he stresses ever and again the practical duties of the Christian life, yet he makes clear that the reliance of the Christian for all that he hopes to attain in character and in service is upon the promised Helper sent by our Lord, the ever-present Holy Spirit. One of the evangelist's greatest sermons is upon this theme, and no transcript of his essential message would be complete without it.

"THE HOLY SPIRIT"

The personality, the divinity and the attributes of the Holy Ghost afford one of the most inspiring, one of the most beneficial examples in our spiritual life. We are told that when the Holy Spirit came at Pentecost, he came as the rushing of a mighty wind and overruling expectancy. When Jesus was baptized in the River Jordan, of John, out from the expanse of heaven was seen to float the Spirit of God like a snowflake, and they heard a sound as of whirring wings, and the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove hovered over the dripping locks of Christ. Neither your eyes nor mine will ever behold such a scene; neither will our ears ever hear such a sound again. You cannot dissect or weigh the Holy Spirit, nor analyze him as a chemist may analyze material matter in his laboratory, but we can all feel the pulsing of the breath of his eternal love.

The Holy Spirit is a personality; as much a personality as Christ, or you or I. "Howbeit, when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall

The man sank into a chair and covered his eyes for a while. Then he got up and said, "I'll do it." He took a Chesapeake and Ohio train and went to Philadelphia, and went to a great merchant prince in whose employ he had been, and told his story. The merchant prince shut and locked the door. "Let us pray," he said. They knelt together, the great merchant's arm about his visitor; and

when they got up the great merchant said: "Go in peace. God bless you."



"I'VE WALKED SIXTY MILES TO LOOK UPON
HER FACE AGAIN"

On the next Sunday the man who had confessed took the Bible on his knee as he sat before his class and said to them: "Young men, I often wondered why I couldn't win any of you to Christ. My life was wrong, and I've repented and made it right."

That man won his entire class for Christ, and they joined Dr. McKibben's church at Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you would get right with God what would be the result? Why, you would save your city.

The Fame of a Christian

Some time ago the funeral of a famous woman was held in London. Edward, who was king then, came with his consort, Alexandra, to look upon her face, and dukes and duchesses and members of the nobility came. Then the doors were opened and the populace came in by thousands.





"HA! HA! OLD SKEPTIC, I'VE GOT YOU BEAT."

CHAPTER XXIX

A Victorious Sermon

If you fall into sin and you're a sheep you'll get out; if you're a hog you'll stay there, just like a sheep and a hog when they fall into the mud.—
BILLY SUNDAY.

ON the walls of Sir Walter Scott's home at Abbotsford hangs the claymore of the redoubtable Rob Roy, one of the most interesting objects in that absorbing library of the great novelist. A peculiar interest attaches to the instruments of great achievement, as the scimitar of Saladin, or the sword of Richard the Lion-Hearted, or the rifle of Daniel Boone. Something of this same sort of interest clings to a particular form of words that has wrought wondrously. Apart altogether from its contents, Sunday's sermon on "The Unpardonable Sin" is of peculiar interest to the reader. This is the message that has penetrated through the indifference and skepticism and self-righteousness and shameless sin of thousands of men and women. Many thousands of persons have, under the impulse of these words, abandoned their old lives and crowded forward up the sawdust trail to grasp the preacher's hand, as a sign that they would henceforth serve the Lord Christ.

"The Unpardonable Sin" is a good sample of Sunday's sermons. It shows the character of the man's mind, and that quality of sound reasonableness which we call "common sense." There are no excesses, no abnormalities, no wrenchings of Scripture in this terrific utterance.

"THE UNPARDONABLE SIN"

"Wherefore I say unto you, All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men.

What have you found by trusting in the finished work of Jesus Christ?

God's Word

It is said of Napoleon that one day he was riding in review before his troops, when the horse upon which he sat became unmanageable, seized the bit in his teeth, dashed down the road and the life of the famous warrior was in danger. A private, at the risk of his life, leaped out and seized the



"CAPTAIN OF MY LIFE GUARDS, SIR"

runaway horse, while Napoleon, out of gratitude, raised in the stirrups, saluted and said, "Thank you, captain." The man said, "Captain of what, sir?" "Captain of my Life Guards, sir," said he.

The man stepped over to where the Life Guards were in consultation and they ordered him back into the ranks.

He refused to go and issued orders to the officer by saying, "I am Captain of the Guards." Thinking him insane, they ordered his arrest and were dragging him away, when Napoleon rode up and the man said, "I am Captain of the Guards because the Emperor said so." And Napoleon arose and said, "Yes, Captain of my Life Guards. Loose him, sir; loose him."

I am a Christian because God says so, and I did what he told me to do, and I stand on God's Word and if that book goes down, I'll go down with it. If God goes down, I'll go

CHAPTER XXX

Eternity! Eternity!

I tell you a lot of people are going to be fooled on the Day of Judgment.
—BILLY SUNDAY.

ONLY a man to whom has been given eloquence and a dramatic instinct can drive home to the average mind the realities of eternity and its relation to right living in this world and time. Under the title "What Shall the End Be?" Sunday has widely circulated his message upon this theme:

"WHAT SHALL THE END BE?"

No book ever came by luck or chance. Every book owes its existence to some being or beings, and within the range and scope of human intelligence there are but three things—good, bad and God. All that originates in intellect; all which the intellect can comprehend, must come from one of the three. This book, the Bible, could not possibly be the product of evil, wicked, godless, corrupt, vile men, for it pronounces the heaviest penalties against sin. Like produces like, and if bad men were writing the Bible they never would have pronounced condemnation and punishment against wrong-doing. So that is pushed aside.

The holy men of old, we are told, spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. Men do not attribute these beautiful and matchless and well-arranged sentences to human intelligence alone, but we are told that men spake as they were inspired by the Holy Ghost.

The only being left, to whom you, or I or any sensible person could ascribe the origin of the Bible, is God, for here is a book, the excellence of which rises above other books, like mountains above molehills—a book whose brilliancy and life-giving power exceed the accumulated knowledge

Rewards of Merit

When I was a little boy out in Iowa, at the end of the term of school it was customary for the teachers to give us little cards, with a hand in one corner holding a scroll, and in that scroll was a place to write the name: "Willie Sunday, good boy."

Willie Sunday never got hump-shouldered lugging them home, I can tell you. I never carried off the champion long-distance belt for verse-quoting, either. If you ever saw an American kid, I was one.

I feel sorry for the little Lord Fauntleroy boys with long curly hair and white stockings. Yank 'em off and let them go barefoot.

A friend of mine told me he was one time being driven along the banks of the Hudson and they went past a beautiful farm, and there sitting on the fence in front of a tree, in which was fastened a mirror about twelve inches square, sat a bird of paradise that was looking into the mirror, adjusting his plumage and admiring himself, and the farmer who had driven my friends out said that every time he passed those birds were doing that.

"I FEEL SORRY FOR THE LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY BOYS WITH LONG CURLY HAIR AND WHITE STOCKINGS"

I thought, "Well, that reminds me of a whole lot of fools I'm fortunate enough to meet everywhere. They sit before the mirror of culture, and their mirror of money, and their mirror of superior education and attainments; they are married into some old families. What does God care about that?" I suppose some of you spent a whole lot of money to plant a family tree, but I warrant you keep to the back the limbs



CHAPTER XXXI

Our Long Home

Don't let God hang a "For Rent" sign on the mansion that has been prepared for you in heaven.—BILLY SUNDAY.

VIVID, literal and comforting, is Sunday's portrayal of the Christian's long home. He is one of the few preachers who depict heaven so that it ministers to earth. Countless thousands of Christians have been comforted by his realistic pictures of "the land that is fairer than day."

"HEAVEN"

What do I want most of all? A man in Chicago said to me one day, "If I could have all I wanted of any one thing I would take money." He would be a fool, and so would you if you would make a similar choice. There's lots of things money can't do. Money can't buy life; money can't buy health. Andrew Carnegie says, "Anyone who can assure men ten years of life can name his price."

If you should meet with an accident which would require a surgical operation or your life would be despaired of, there is not a man here but would gladly part with all the money he has if that would give him the assurance that he could live twelve months longer.

If you had all the money in the world you couldn't go to the graveyard and put those loved ones back in your arms and have them sit once more in the family circle and hear their voices and listen to their prattle.

A steamer tied up at her wharf, having just returned from an expedition, and as the people walked down the plank their friends met them to congratulate them on their success or encourage them through their defeat. Down came a man I used to know in Fargo, S. D. Friends rushed

CHAPTER XXXII

Glorying in the Cross

It's Jesus Christ or nothing.—BILLY SUNDAY.

PAULINE in more than one characteristic is Billy Sunday. But in none so much as in his devotion to the cross of Jesus Christ. His life motto may well be Paul's, "I am resolved to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified." His preaching is entirely founded on the message that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." There are no modern theories of the atonement in his utterances. To the learned of the world, as to the Greeks of old, the Cross may seem foolishness, but Sunday knows and preaches it as the power of God unto salvation. As his closing and most characteristic message to the readers of this book we commend his sermon on "Christ and him crucified."

"ATONEMENT"

"For if the blood of bulls and of goats and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh"—Paul argued in his letter to the Hebrews—"how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God."

No more of this turtle-dove business, no more offering the blood of bullocks and heifers to cleanse from sin.

The atoning blood of Jesus Christ—that is the thing about which all else centers. I believe that more logical, illogical, idiotic, religious and irreligious arguments have been fought over this than all others. Now and then when a man gets a new idea of it he goes out and starts a new denomination. He has a perfect right to do this under

aren't worth anything. But as long as the blood is on the mercy seat the sinner can return, and by no other way. There is nothing else. It stands for the redemption. You are not redeemed by silver or gold, but by the blood of Jesus Christ. Though a man says to read good books, do good deeds, live a good life and you'll be saved, you'll be damned. That's what you will. All the books in the world won't keep you out of hell without the atoning blood of Jesus Christ. It's Jesus Christ or nothing for every sinner on God's earth.

Without it not a sinner will ever be saved. Jesus has paid for your sins with his blood. The doctrine of universal salvation is a lie. I wish every one would be saved, but they won't. You will never be saved if you reject the blood.

I remember when I was in the Y. M. C. A. in Chicago I was going down Madison Street and had just crossed Dearborn Street when I saw a newsboy with a young sparrow in his hand. I said: "Let that little bird go."

He said, "Aw, g'wan with you, you big mutt."

I said, "I'll give you a penny for it," and he answered, "Not on your tintype."

"I'll give you a nickel for it," and he answered, "Boss, I'm from Missouri; come across with the dough."

I offered it to him, but he said, "Give it to that guy there," and I gave it to the boy he indicated and took the sparrow.

I held it for a moment and then it fluttered and struggled and finally reached the window ledge in a second story



"SAY, BOSS, WHY DIDN'T YOU CHUCK
THAT NICKEL IN THE SEWER?"

across the street. And other birds fluttered around over my head and seemed to say in bird language, "Thank you, Bill."

The kid looked at me in wonder and said: "Say, boss, why didn't you chuck that nickel in the sewer?"

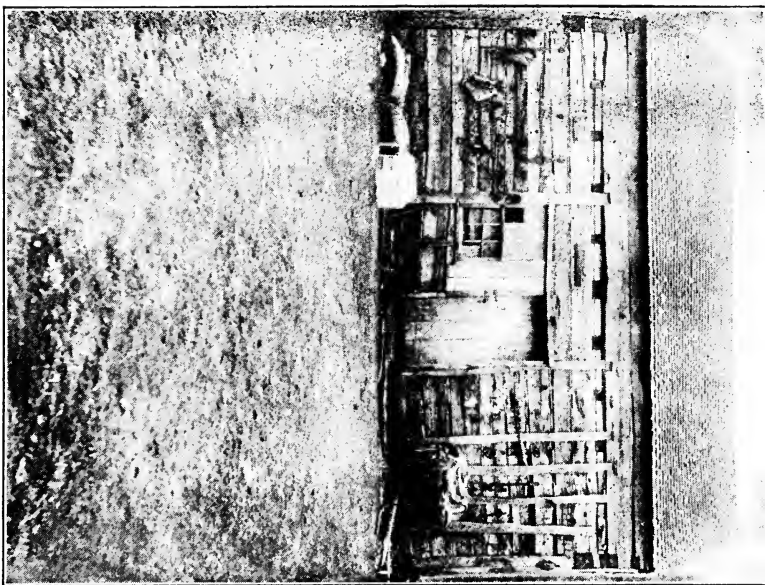
I told him that he was just like that bird. He was in the grip of the devil, and the devil was too strong for him just as he was too strong for the sparrow, and just as I could do with the sparrow what I wanted to after I had paid for it because it was mine. God paid a price for him far greater than I had for the sparrow, for he had paid it with the blood of his Son and he wanted to set him free.

No Argument Against Sin

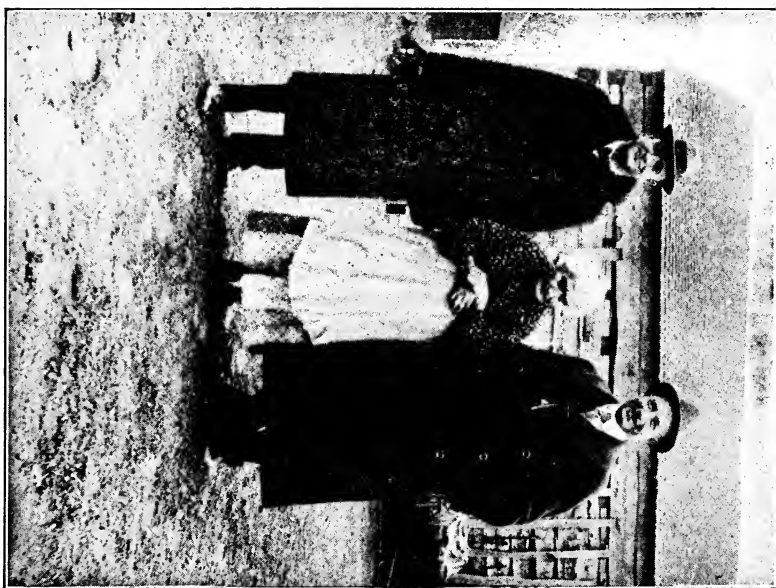
So, my friend, if I had paid for some property from you with a price, I could command you, and if you wouldn't give it to me I could go into court and make you yield. Why do you want to be a sinner and refuse to yield? You are withholding from God what he paid for on the cross. When you refuse you are not giving God a square deal.

I'll tell you another. It stands for God's hatred of sin. Sin is something you can't deny. You can't argue against sin. A skilful man can frame an argument against the validity of religion, but he can't frame an argument against sin. I'll tell you something that may surprise you. If I hadn't had four years of instruction in the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, before I saw Bob Ingersoll's book, and I don't want to take any credit from that big intelligent brain of his, I would be preaching infidelity instead of Christianity. Thank the Lord I saw the Bible first. I have taken his lectures and placed them by the side of the Bible, and said, "You didn't say it from your knowledge of the Bible." And I have never considered him honest, for he could not have been so wise in other things and such a fool about the plan of redemption. So I say I don't think he was entirely honest.

But you can't argue against the existence of sin, simply because it is an open fact, the word of God. You can



On Left: BIRTHPLACE OF BILLY SUNDAY AT AMES, IOWA. *On Right:* STANDING IN FRONT OF HOUSE IN WHICH HE WAS BORN IS BILLY SUNDAY WITH AUNT ROSETTA SIMMONS, WHO WAS WITH HIS MOTHER AT HIS BIRTH, AND HIS BROTHER, H. E. (Ed) SUNDAY.



WHAT "BILLY" SUNDAY HAS TO SAY ON THE THEATRE, CARD PLAYING, AND DANCING

The following specimen pages are from the chapter on Amusements, which alone is worth the price of the book to *every father and mother* who has the *interest of his or her child at heart*.

This chapter comprises 20 pages and includes Mr. Sunday's famous sermon on Amusements, which has never before been printed in book form. Mr. Sunday emphasizes the fact that

THE GOSPEL IS THE ONLY CURE FOR PRESENT-DAY EVILS

Mr. Sunday vividly portrays the fact that social evils would be immeasurably lessened if the churches and the people would heed the danger that lies in the theatre, in cards, and the dance, and emphasizes that strict adherence to the Gospel of Jesus Christ will do more to combat and lessen these evils than any other force. His message sweetens life and promotes a most wholesome, friendly, and cheerful state of mind on the part of those whom he influences.

GOD'S INSTRUMENT IN COMBATING THE EVILS OF OUR DAY

Billy Sunday brings religion to earth as an essential part of every man's life. There is nothing abnormal or hysterical, or artificial about his message. His biting, blistering, blasting condemnation of sin is exercising a nation-wide influence on our political, social and religious life. Whole communities are changed by it for a cleaner, healthier, moral atmosphere.

SPECIAL NOTICE

The Amusement chapter will appear in all styles of "BILLY SUNDAY: THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE" selling at \$1.50 or higher. THIS CHAPTER DOES NOT APPEAR IN THE MILLION EDITION SELLING AT \$1.00.

CHAPTER XXXIII

The Amusement Question

The church gives people what they need; the theater gives them what they want.—BILLY SUNDAY.

ONE of the sensations of a Billy Sunday campaign is his sermon, "Amusements." Usually it has to be repeated more than once. It almost equals the "Booze" sermon in popularity.

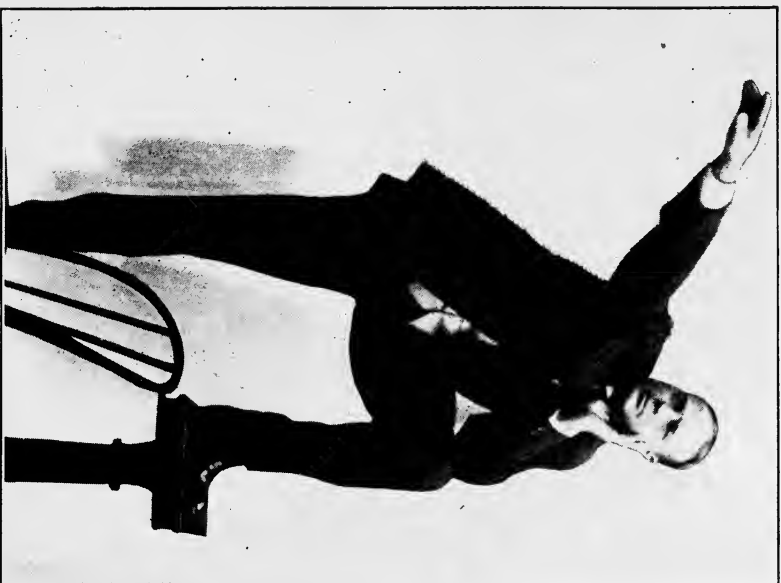
In this, as in many other sermons, the evangelist dares to run directly counter to the drift of the times. It is generally agreed that the practice of what is called "doubtful amusements" is on the increase among church members. Some denominations which have prohibited dancing, card-playing and theater-going, have either removed the restriction or have retained it only by a narrow margin of votes in their highest courts.

All this matters not one whit to Sunday. And he certainly has given thorough-going attention to the subject. But to the sermon itself:

"AMUSEMENTS"

I suppose some may wince at the plainness with which I speak, but remember it costs me severe pangs of regret to be compelled to do it. If the ingenious skill of the devil is to be defeated there is but one of two alternatives open to the man who assaults the most hell-soaked institution with grit and courage. He can consume his energy and time in talking about the minor usages of the possible limits one might go, or he can peel the bark away and show the thing full of worm-holes and run the risk of losing his reputation for fairness.

I want to say that I have wilfully and deliberately, and



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 "CLOSE THAT WINDOW, PLEASE."



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 "BREAK AWAY FROM THE OLD BRANCH OF THE DAMNED."

with malice aforethought, chosen the latter course. I don't care a rap what you think about it before I begin, or after I am through. I have no apology to make.

I have a message that burns its way into your soul, and into my heart. My words may be strong, and if they are you must remember they are blood-red with conviction. With a cry of lost souls ringing in my ears, I cannot remain still. I must cry out.

If I can save one from going to hell, I consider myself well paid for all the vituperation and malediction that you can hurl against me because I rubbed it into your pet sins. Judged in the court of human desires, I might be condemned by everybody that wants to do it, but judged in the court of human conscience, I will receive a universal verdict.

We always associate in our minds certain amusements—the theater, cards, and the dance. While some will justify one, others will condemn it. Some who play cards will seek to justify that and condemn the theater, and those who go to the theater may condemn the cards.

The Case of the Theater

In my opinion, the theater is of such doubtful character that it has been relegated to the class of forbidden amusements. You know that the theater had its beginning in the church, and was intended to be the handmaid of religion. It produced so much fuss and trouble that they were compelled to drop it. Unless the theater is redeemed it will fall by its own stinking rottenness. The devil employs all kinds of engines in scattering seeds of evil through this old world, and if I can only pump into you enough common sense to keep you away from the theater and card-playing and the dance, I will have no kick coming.

I want it distinctly understood that my scrap is not with the theater as an institution. I fight the saloon as an institution, but not the theater. What I am against, hammer and tongs, are the things that the theater stands for, and the rot and filth and rubbish and trash that are spewed

I don't care whether you play cards for a cream pitcher or for a gold piece, you're a blackleg gambler just the same. Boys flip pennies on the street and the cops pinch them. Yet you'd be just as much a haul for the police as though they backed the patrol wagon up in front of a gambling den instead of your home.

You say, "It will never get me." All right; but it will get others. So you ought to refrain from gambling for the sake of other people whom your example might lead astray. I haven't had a pack of cards in my hands for over thirty years.

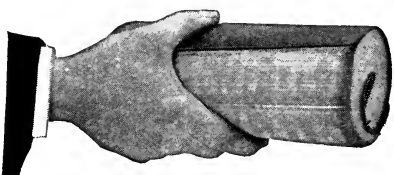
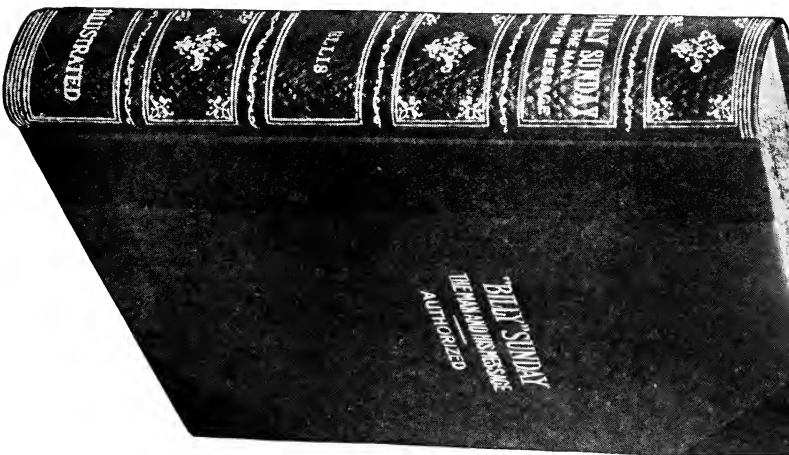
Now, I'm not trying to cram anything down your throats. I am appealing to your sense of reason and decency, and if you are not man or woman enough to listen I guess God Almighty doesn't need you.

If this world was made up of only one family I probably would not need to preach this sermon. But, fortunately or unfortunately, we are made up of many families. If you are lax in the care of your children it makes it harder for me to take care of mine. If you don't care whether your children go to the devil, and I do care, you make it that much harder for me to keep my children right.

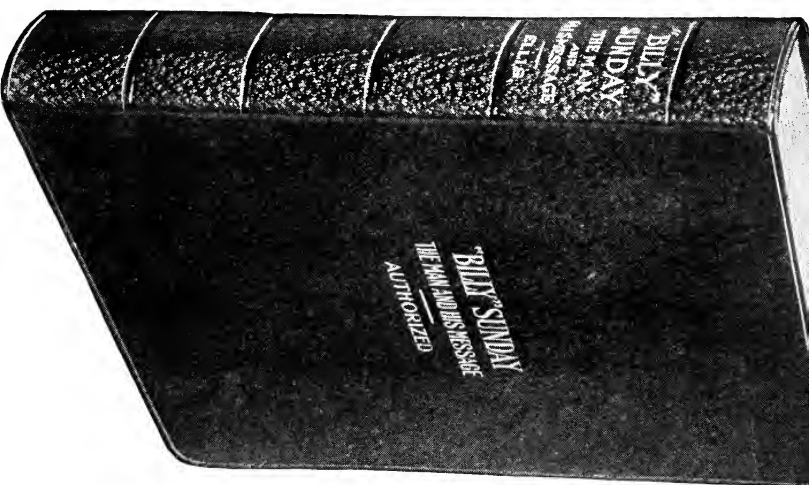
Dances, Old and New

There was a time in America when the stately cotillion seemed to satisfy America, but it is too slow for the hot blood of the twentieth century. They must have something that will chase hurdles through their veins. There is nothing that is so insipid for the devotee of the waltz as to dance a quadrille.

I am asked to give a reason to the unsaved, why they should not do it. The Church of God forbids. The greatest and the most spiritual churches forbid it, and are against it—Catholic, Presbyterian, Congregational, the United Brethren and the Christians are all against it. The Methodist Church was raised up for the very purpose of counter-acting the dance in the church. If you're bound to dance, then get a divorce from Jesus Christ.



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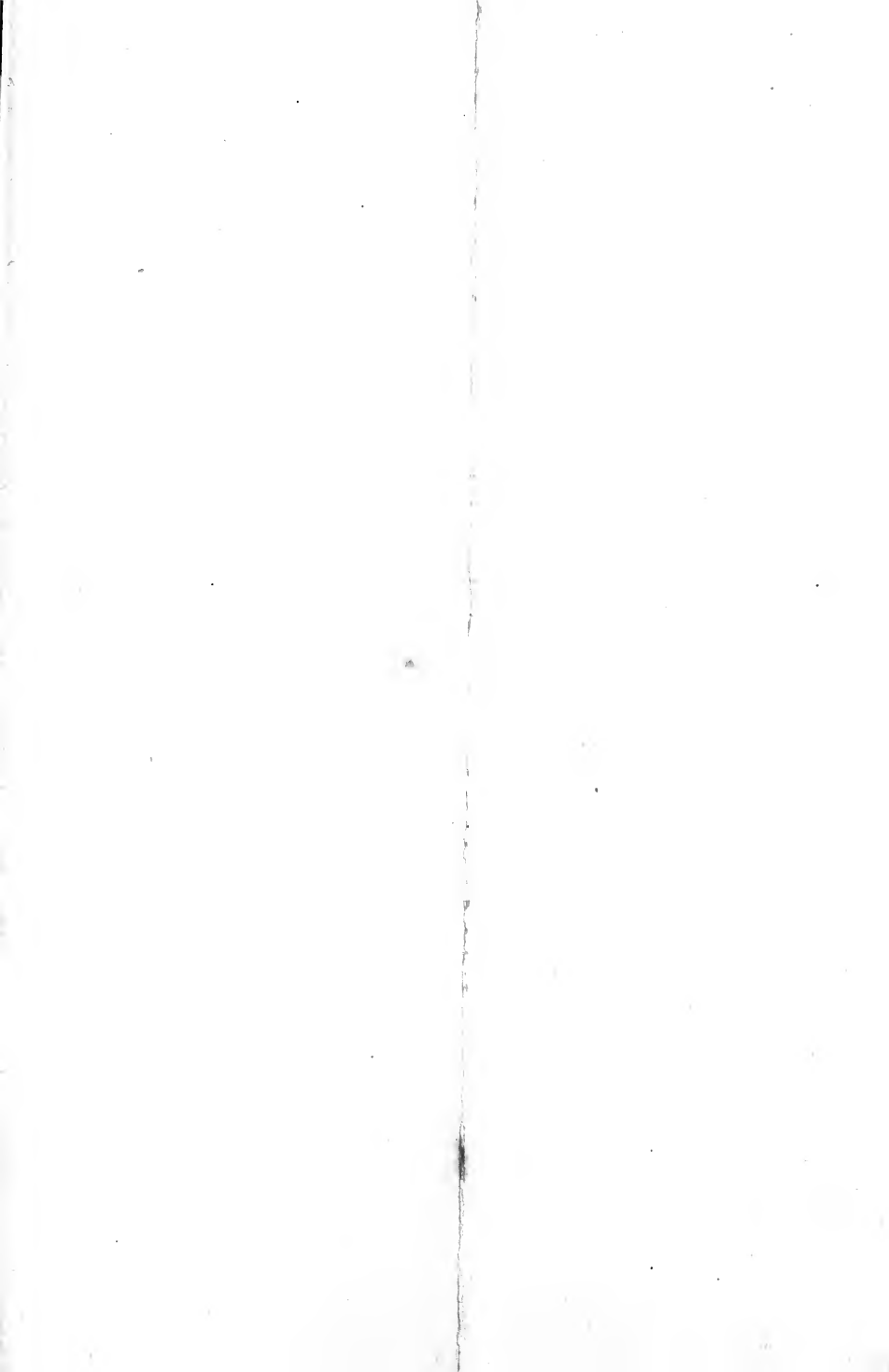
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